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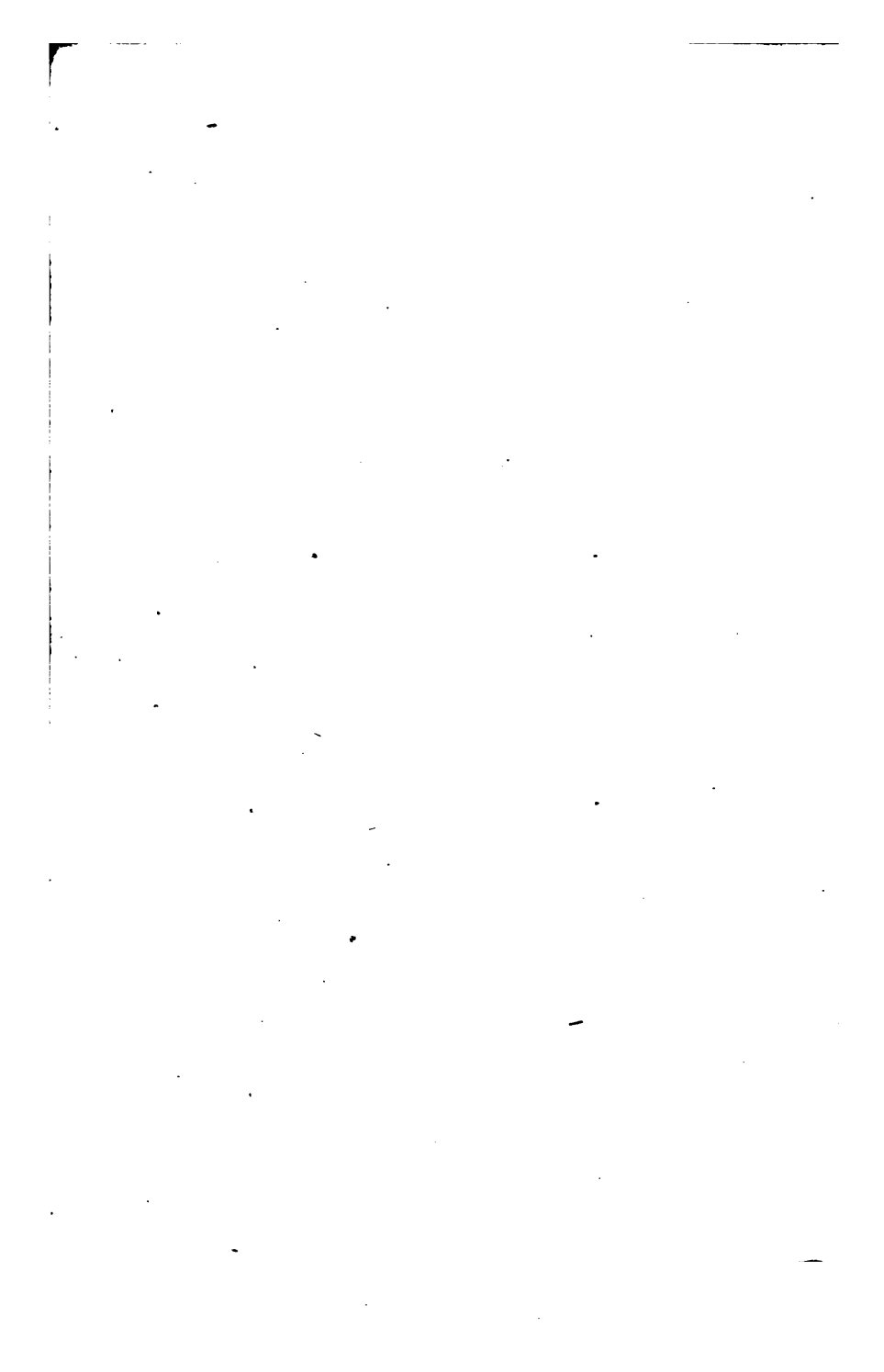
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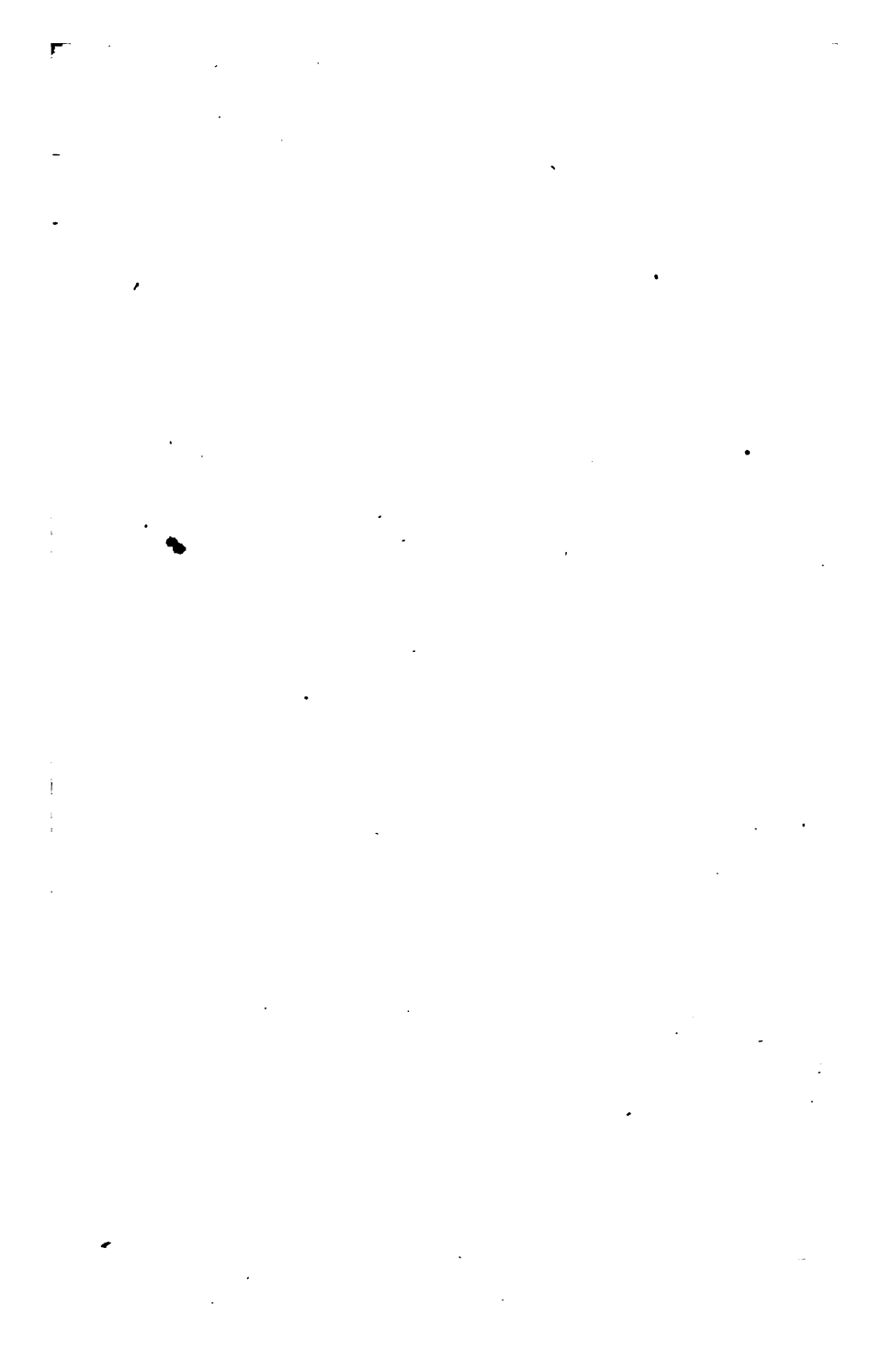
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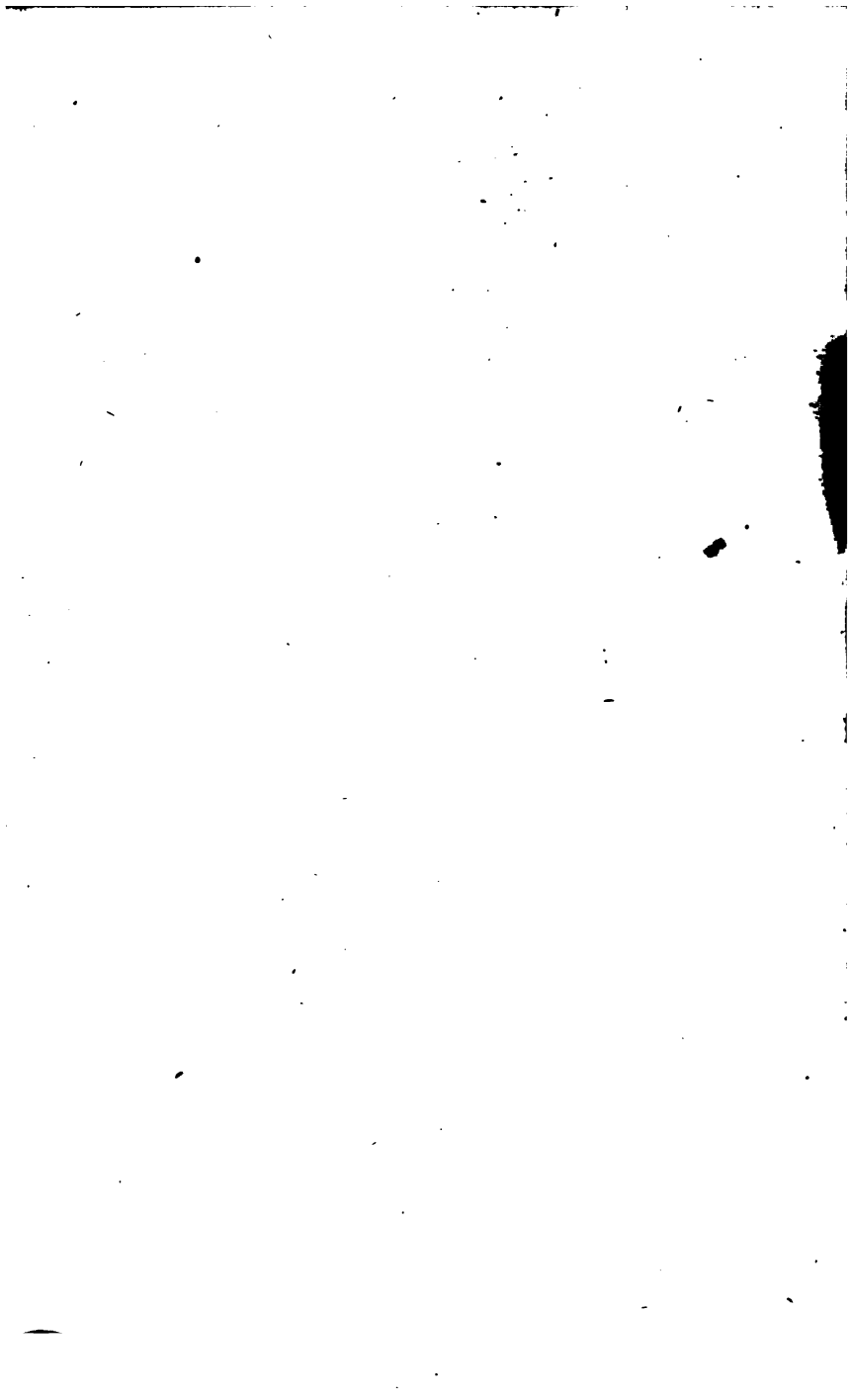
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Elyth Hawtayne.
Cotton.

A birthday Present, from
her kind Father.



THE
OMNIPRESENCE
OF
THE DEITY.

WHITHER shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy Presence?—If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.

Psalms vii. 10.

THE
OMNIPRESENCE
OF
THE DEITY.

A POEM.

By ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SAMUEL MAUNDER,
NEWGATE-STREET.

MDCCCXXVIII.

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Stamford-street.



TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

WILLIAM HOWLEY, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,

THIS POEM

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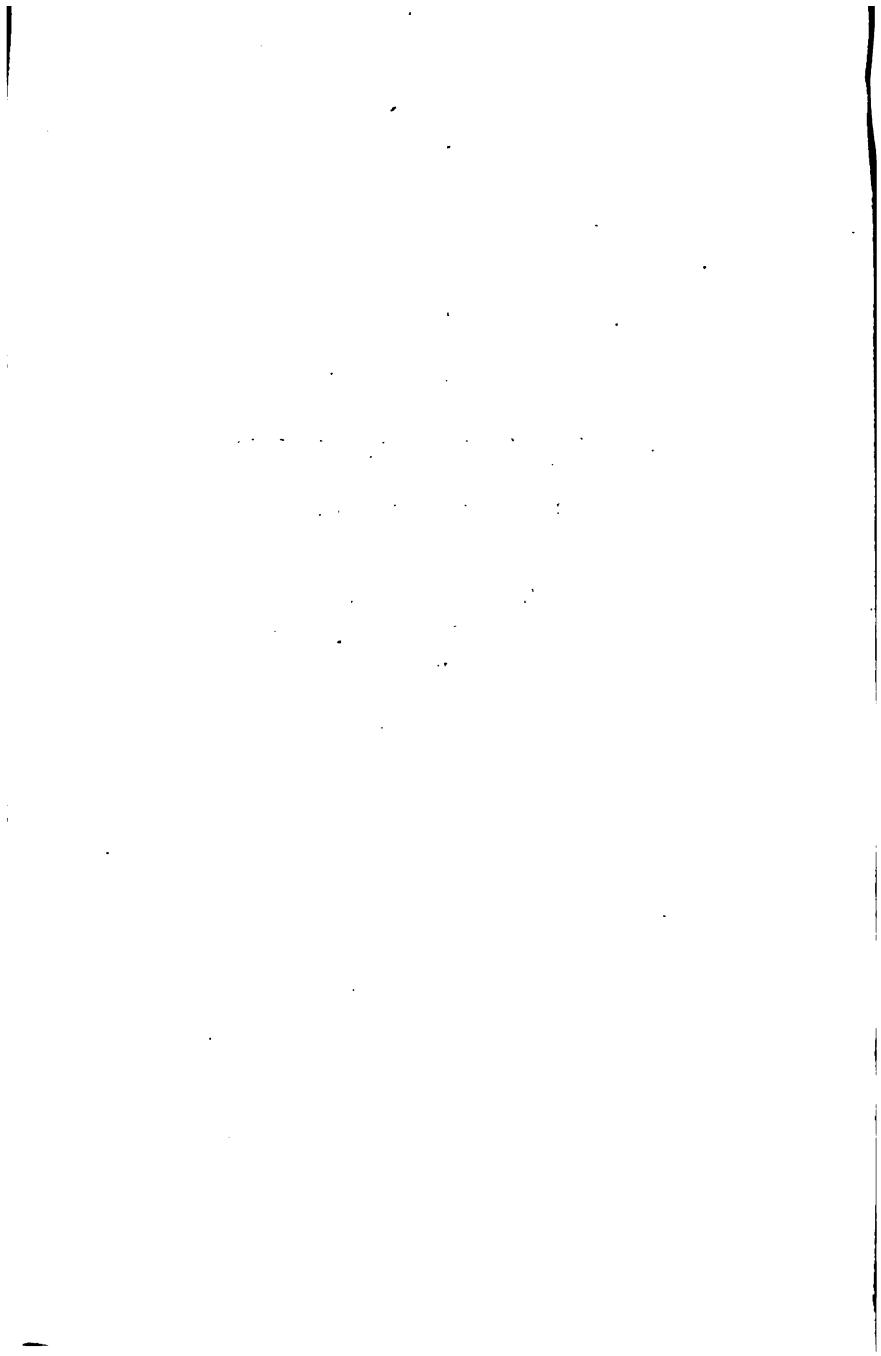
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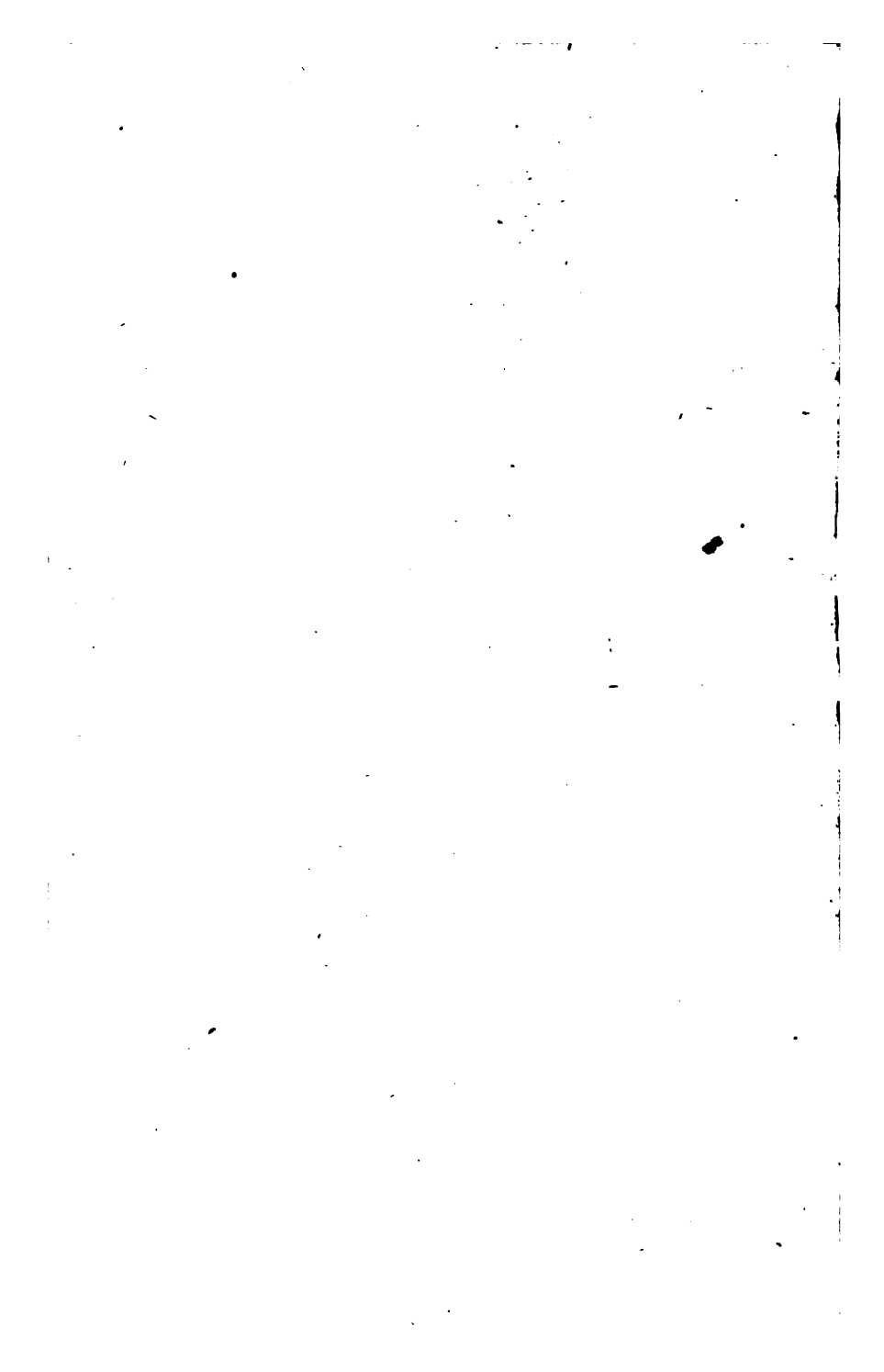
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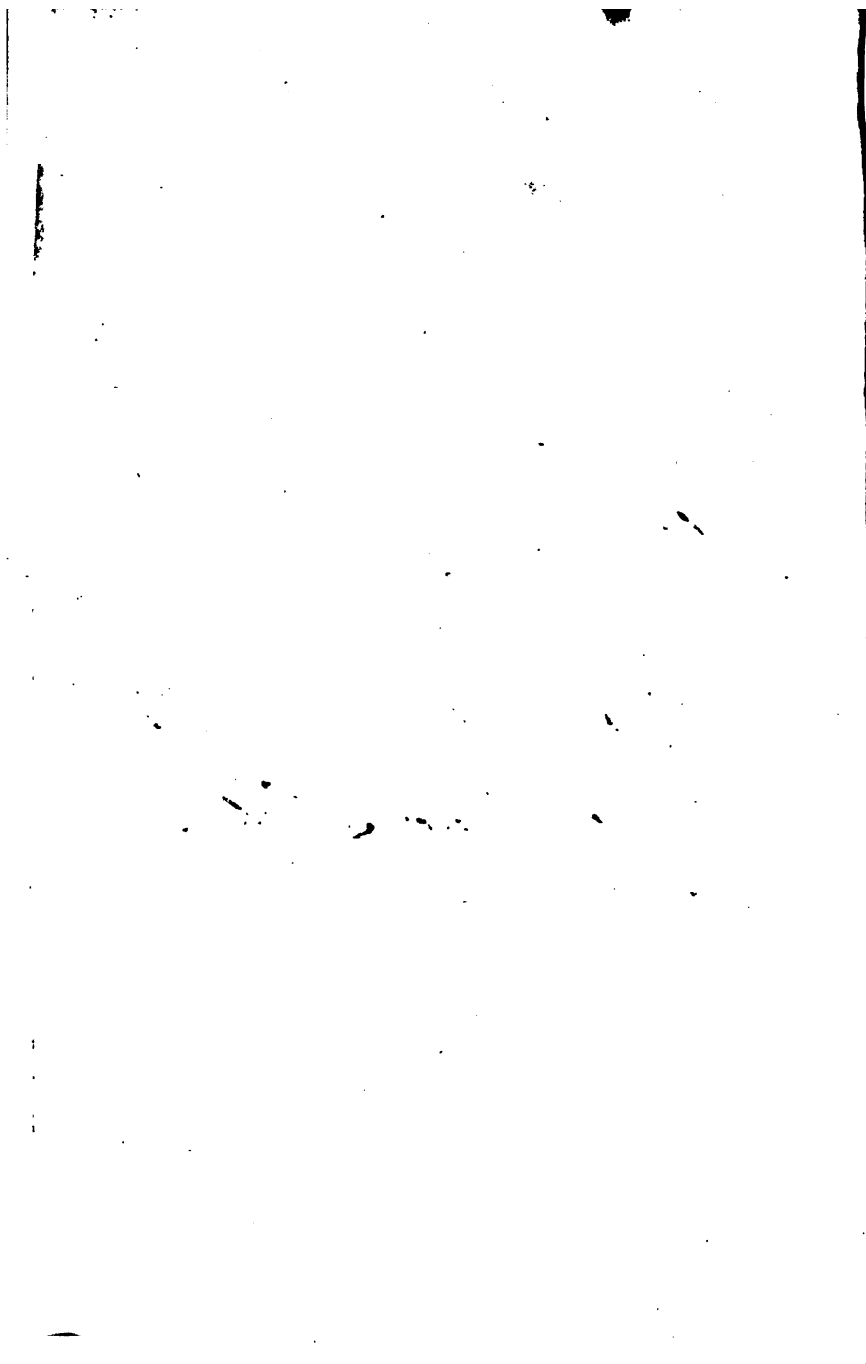
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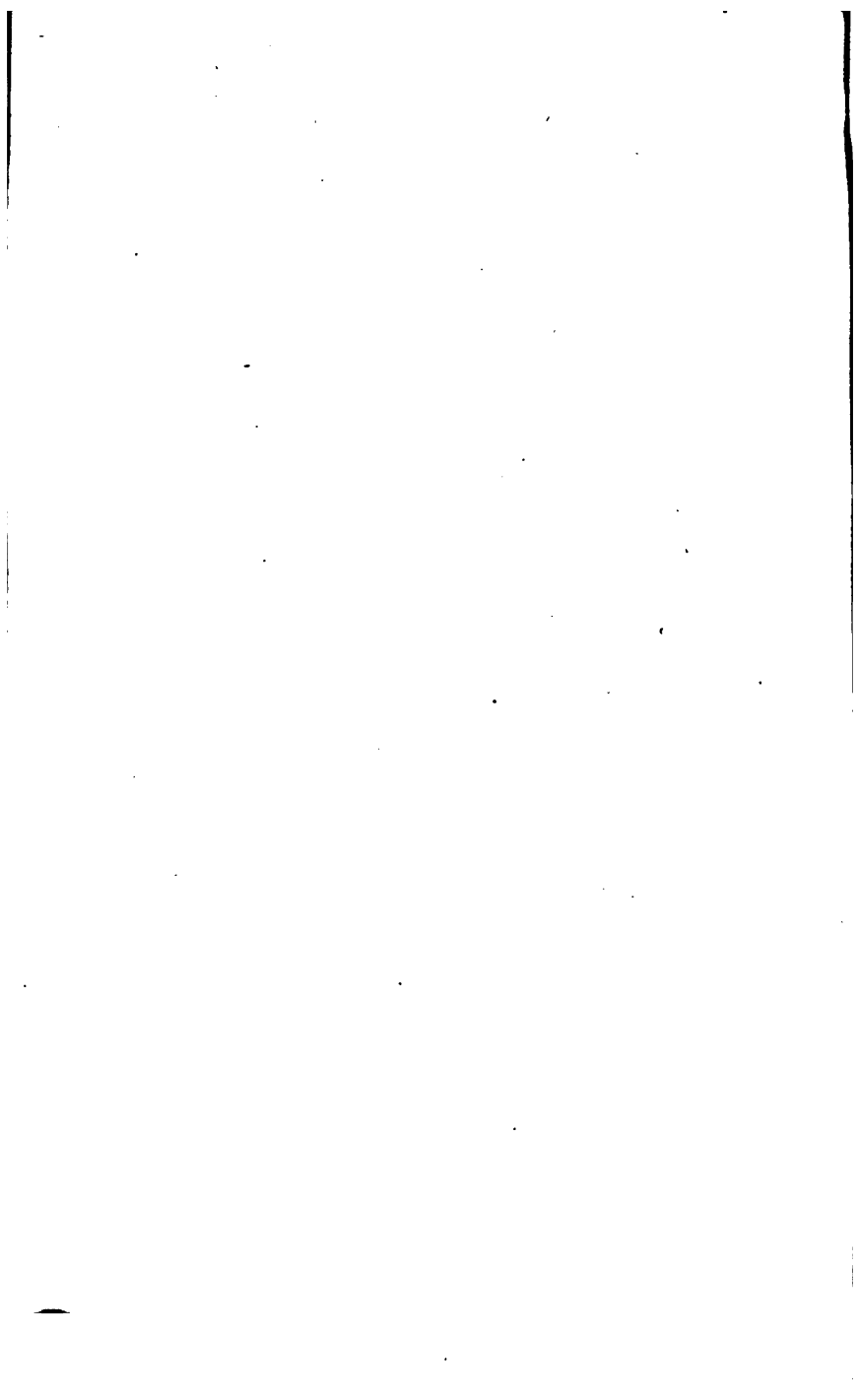


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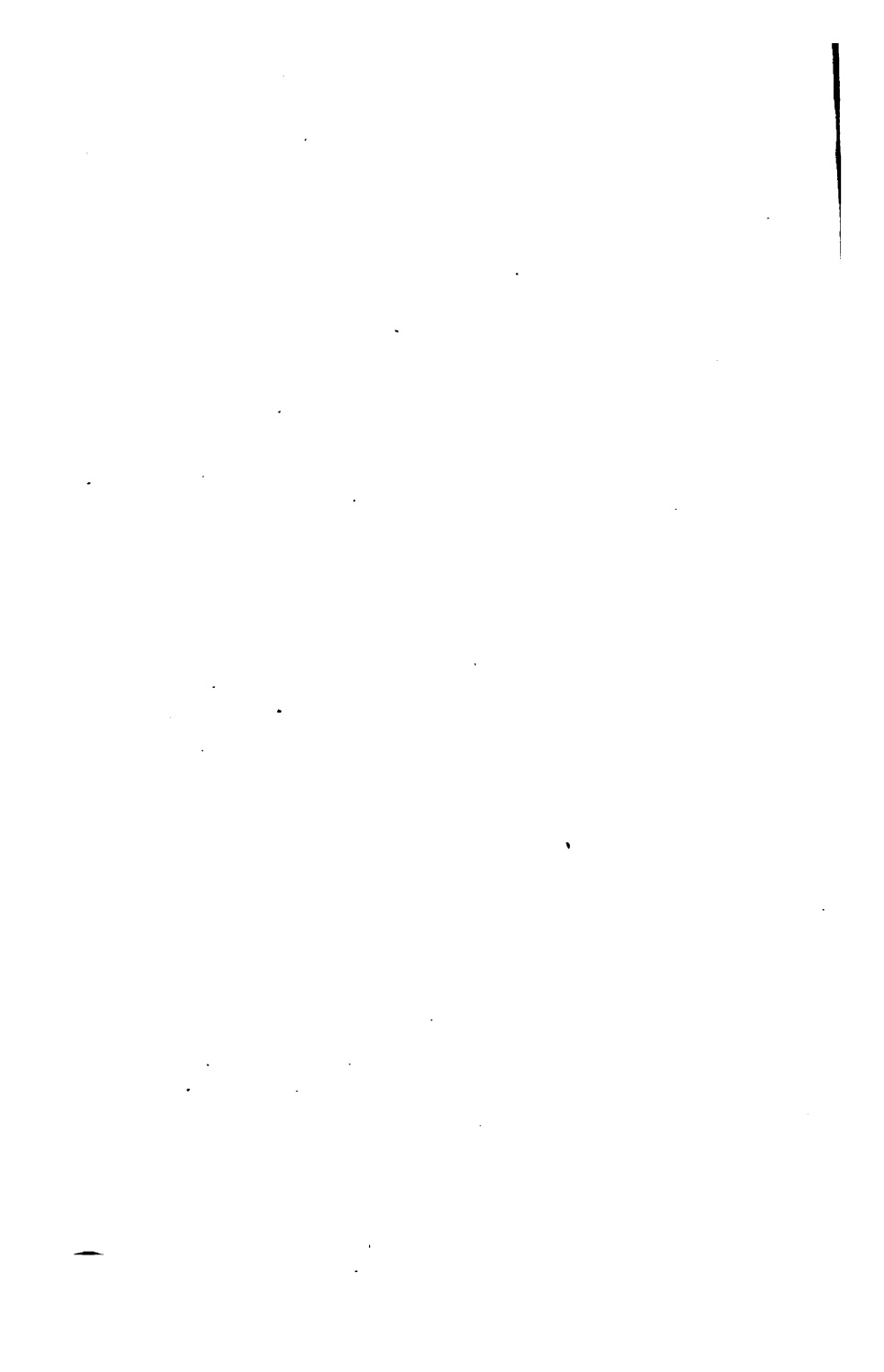
A birthday Present, from
her kind Father.



THE
OMNIPRESENCE
OF
THE DEITY.



THE
OMNIPRESENCE
OF
THE DEITY.



ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with an apostrophe to the Deity—He was, ere Time began—Vision of the Creation—We cannot escape the piercing eyes of the Omnipresent God—He pervades all things—Allusion to His awful appearance on the Mount of Sinai—The whole panorama of Nature is a silent attestation of the presence of its divine Architect—The impossibility of perfectly tracing the Deity's boundless influence: we can only select those scenes which most impressively demonstrate His presence, or exalt the mind of the spectator, by awful associations—The thunder is His voice,—the ocean-tempest tells of Him, amidst its sublime convulsions. But the Presence of the Deity is equally seen, or felt, in the repose of Nature—The holy quiet of the calm, which succeeds the storm.—Aspirations awakened by a view of the setting sun from a mountain's brow.

The hand of God is next traced in a rapid view of the Seasons:—in Spring, the earth appears more visibly

enriched with the streams of His bounty—The grandeur of the mountains bespeaks the majesty of Him who reared them : the proudest must feel abashed on beholding them—Sacred feelings kindled by the sight of an august ruin—The Earth is a mirror of God's magnificence and Presence, but the Heavens still more so—A moonlight Walk by the Sea-shore—The dead calm insensibly leads us to think of the Creator—The soul inwardly conscious of its celestial origin—Allusion to the delightful hope that the blessed may behold those who mourn them on Earth—Though our own Isle appears pre-eminently favoured with the Presence of the Deity, the most barbarous climes are equally objects of His providence—Condensed view of His wondrous operation at the present moment—not only creation, but human life, in all its diversified forms of happiness and woe, is regulated by directing influence.

PART I.

THOU UNCREATE, UNSEEN, and UNDEFINED,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind ;
Pervading SPIRIT, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,—
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not !

Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born Earth,
Or young Creation revell'd in its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep,

*

Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurl'd,
And out of Darkness drew the breathing world!

Ere matter form'd at Thy creative tone,
Thou wert!—Omnific, Endless, and Alone;
In Thine own essence, all that was to be—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity!
Thou said'st—and lo! a universe was born,
And light flash'd from Thee, for its birth-day morn!

A world unshrouded all its beauty now!
The youthful mountain rear'd its haughty brow,
Flowers, fruits, and trees felt instantaneous life,
And Ocean chafed her billows into strife!

And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad Earth,
The universal Sun burst into birth,

And dash'd from off his altitude sublime
The first dread ray that mark'd commencing Time !—
Last rose the moon—and then th' array of stars
Wheel'd round the heavens upon their burning
cars !

But all was silent as a world of dead,
Till the great Deep her living swarms outspread !
Forth from her teeming bosom, sudden came
Immingled monsters,—mighty, without name ;
Then plummy tribes wing'd into being there,
And played their gleamy pinions on the air,—
Till, thick as dews upon a twilight green,
Earth's living creatures rose upon the scene !

And now, the gorgeous Universe was rife,
Full, fresh, and glowing with created life !—

And when the Eternal, from his starry height,
Beheld the young world basking in his light,
And breathing incense of deep gratitude,—
He bless'd it, for his mercy made it good !

Creation's master-piece !—a breath of God,
Ray of His glory, quicken'd at His nod,
Immortal Man came next,—divinely grand,
Glorious and perfect from his Maker's hand ;
Last, softly beautiful as music's close,
Angelic Woman into being rose !

And thus, THOU wert, and art, the Fountain Soul,
And countless worlds around Thee live and roll ;
In sun and shade, in ocean and in air,
Diffused, though never lessen'd,—everywhere !

All life and motion from Thy source began,
From worlds to atoms, angels down to man!

Lord of all being! where can Fancy fly,
To what far realms, unmeasured by Thine eye?
Where can we hide beneath Thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st THOU not—the boundless, viewless One?
Shall Guilt couch down within the cavern's gloom,
And quiv'ring, groaning, meditate her doom?
Or scale the mountain-tops, where eaglets rest,
And the chill snow-flakes thicken on their breast?—
Within the cavern'd gloom, Thine eye can see!
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to Thee!
Thy Spirit rides upon the black-wav'd seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze—
In storm and calm, in Earth and Heaven Thou art,
Trace but Thy works—they bring Thee to the heart!

The splendor of Thy Presence who can see ?
Man cannot live, great God ! and look on Thee !
Eternal lightnings wrap thy rainbow'd throne, '—
And seraphs shudder at Thy dreadful tone !—
On Sinai's mountain, when Thy Glory came
In rolls of thunder, and in clouds of flame,
And, while volcanic smoke Thy throne o'er-cast,
And the mount shrunk beneath the trumpet-blast,
How did Thy Presence smite all Israel's eye,—
Flash'd backward by the gleams of Deity !

There is a voiceless eloquence on Earth,
Telling of Him who gave her wonders birth ;
And long may I remain the adoring child
Of Nature's majesty,—sublime or wild !
Hill, flood, and forest—mountain, rock, and sea,
All take their terrors and their charms from Thee,—

From Thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world, a universal soul !

But who could trace Thine unrestricted course,
Though Fancy followed with immortal force ?
There's not a flower that's fondled by the breeze,
There's not a fruit that beautifies the trees,
There's not a particle in sea or air,
But Nature owns Thy plastic influence there !—
With partial gaze, still be it mine to see
How all is fill'd and vivified by Thee ;
Upon Thy mirror—earth's majestic view,
To paint Thy presence, and to feel it too !

A thunder-storm !—the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber driven,—

Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt an OMNIPRESENCE round him thrown ?
With what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears !—
The leaves all shiv'ring with expectant fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A veiling fervor round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm !

Oh ! now to be alone, on some still height,
Where heaven's black curtains hang before the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms clash,
While fleet and far the lightning-daggers flash,—
Like rocks in battle, on the ocean's bed,
While the dash'd billows foam around their head !—

To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace-flames that in their wombs repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies!—
How stirs the spirit while the thunders roll,
And some vast PRESENCE rocks from pole to pole!

Tremendous art thou, Ocean! in thine ire,
When the rack'd surges to the clouds respire,
And, like new Apennines from out the sea,
Thy waves march on in mountain majesty!
Oh! never did the dark-soul'd ATHEIST stand,
And watch the breakers boiling on the strand,
And while Creation stagger'd at His nod,
Mock the dread presence of the mighty God!
We hear Him in the wind-heav'd ocean's roar,
Hurling her billowy crags upon the shore,

While vessels buried 'neath their whelming base
Vanish,—like night before the morning's face !—
We hear Him in the riot of the blast,
And shake, while rush the maddening whirlwinds past!

But not alone, when racking Nature groans
Beneath the terror of Thy tempest tones ;
Not in the storm, the thunder, or the sea,
Alone, we feel Thy dread UBIQUITY !—
In calmer scenes, and the unruffled hour,
Our still'd hearts own thine omnipresent power.

List ! now the cradled winds have hush'd their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While drench'd earth seems to wake up fresh and clear,
Like hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—

And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely change!

First comes the Sun, unveiling half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,—
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:
Next, breezes swell forth with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;
And thus the Tempest dies—and bright, and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill!

And now, while bloom and breeze their charm unite,
And all is glowing with a rich delight,
God ! who can tread upon the breathing ground,
Nor feel Thee present, where Thy smiles abound !

The Poet's hour !—voluptuous even-tide,
When dappled clouds along th' horizon glide,—
Thine is the calm, that self-created smiles,
Losing the heart in thought's delicious wiles :
And oh ! while heaven and earth are dumb with bliss,
In homage to an hour divine as this,—
How sweet, upon yon mountain's tranquil brow,
While ruddy sun-beams gild the crags below,
To stand, and mark with meditative view,
Where the far ocean faints in hazy blue,
While on the bosom of the midway deep
The emerald waves in flashing beauty leap !—

Here, as we view the burning God of time,
Wrapp'd in a shroud of glory, sink sublime,—
Thoughts of immortal beauty spring to birth,
And waft the soul beyond the dreams of earth !

And, who hath gaz'd upon a lovely morn,
All fresh and fragrant, as if newly born,—
Or mark'd the wonders of a day depart,
Nor felt a heaven-caught influence at his heart ?
Through all the seasons' varying course of love,
Who hath not track'd the Spirit from above ?—
The howl of Winter in the leafless wood,
The sleepy snow-storm, and the volleying flood,
Or Summer's flush, or Autumn robed in grey,
Whirling the red leaves round her barren way,—
All tell one tale of Heaven !—But thou, young Spring,
Glad as the wild bee on his glossy wing,

Bedeck'd with bloom, and shedding life around—
Within thy bosom, charms from Heaven abound !

The mercy-fountains of Divinity
Now stream through all, with vigor full and free,—
As if unloosen'd from their living source,
To carry with them Spring's creative force !
Now for a cloud-wreathed sky of mottled blue,
Catching the pilgrim's long-enamour'd view,—
The sun lies mirror'd on the radiant streams,
The sea-waves gambol in his noon-tide beams,
The boughs hang glitt'ring in their locks of green,
The meadow-minstrels carol to the scene,—
All ocean, sky, and air, and green-robed Earth;
With her rich promise budding into birth,
Seem, like a heart o'erfill'd with sacred love,
Glowing with gratitude to Him above !

Ye mountain-piles ! Earth's monuments to
Heaven,
Around whose tops the giddy storms are driven,
When, like an ermine-pall, the black cloud broods
In misty swell upon your solitudes,—
E'er since your giant brows have dared the sky,
Almighty majesty has linger'd by !
Whether in climes, where o'er the ice-hill'd deep
Ye rise in piles, magnificently steep,
While dripping ice-bolts deck your heads of snow,
And gleam terrific on the world below ;
Or where, in living bloom your masses swell,
And far the prancing cat'racts steam and yell,—
Where snow-drifts whiten, or where sunbeams warm,
Your brows are girdled with a dreadful charm !

Thou, that wouldst rule a world beneath thy rod,
Shackle the winds, and dream thyself a God,
Go! in thy pride, and mark the mountain-range,
Between whose base and top the seasons change!
Where haughty eagles roll their eyes of fire,
Ere the rent clouds behind their sweep retire,—
There shall thy puny greatness shrink with fear,
Awed by the Power who bade the mountain rear!

There is a grandeur round the ruin'd tower,
In dusky waste,—unstripp'd by ages' power;
Along whose moss-fringed battlements are heard
The dismal dirges of the midnight bird,
While low winds mutter through the roofless halls,
And ivy-boughs bend weeping o'er the walls!

Go ! view when sunset drinks the forest breeze,
Where some grey abbey glimmers through the trees,
And on the turrets Evening's pallid rays
Gleam like the glory of departed days !—
How soon the hallowing stillness of the spot
Brings heaven around us—till the world's forgot !
Like age-worn sorrow in its dim decay,
When fortune's summer-pride has pass'd away,
Yon freckled pile in shatter'd greatness wanes,
Where banners hung, and monarchs peal'd their
 strains !—

Sad retrospection draws the moral sigh,
And buried cent'ries yawn upon the eye !

Now, turn from earth, unto the glorious sky—
Th' imagin'd dwelling-place of Deity !—

Ye quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the listening night !
While half the world is lapp'd in midnight dreams,
And round the lattice creep your drowsy beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies !

And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moon-lit hour,
As if the very heavens shed down a power !—
See ! not a cloud careers yon pensile sweep—
A waveless sea of azure, still as sleep !
Full in her dreamy light, the Moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides ;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Share in the glimmer of her lurid beam :—

The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No hollow murmurs roll upon the waves ;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored—
Still'd by the presence of her living Lord !

And now, while through the ocean-mantling haze
A dizzy twine of yellow lustre plays,
And moonlight loveliness hath clothed the land,—
Go, Stranger, muse thou by the wave-worn strand !
Cent'ries have travell'd from the balanc'd earth,
Myriads have bless'd—and myriads cursed their birth ;
Still, yon sky-beacons keep a dimless glare,
Unsullied as the God who throned them there !—
Though swelling earthquakes heave the astounded
world,
And king and kingdom from their pride are hurled,

Sublimely calm, they run their bright career,
Unheedful of the storms and changes here.
We want no hymn to hear, or pomp to see,
For all around is deep divinity !
The aspiring soul pants to its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount ;
While other years roll back their cloudy tide,
And with them, all the bliss they once supplied !—
Oh ! if belov'd ones, from their viewless sphere,
May witness warm Affection's faithful tear,
At this deep hour, they hear the mourner's sigh,
And waft a blessing from their home on high !

STUPENDOUS GOD ! how shrinks our bounded sense
To track the sway of thine Omnipotence,
From the high mountain, to the deepest den,
From the mean insects, to immortal men !—

Bless'd with thy brightest smile, dare we confine
An OMNIPRESENCE so supreme as thine ?
True ! on our queenly spot, the sea-throned land,
Thou pour'st thy favours with diffusive hand ;
Here, cool and calm luxuriant breezes blow,
And stream-fed valleys with their fruitage glow ;
Still, other climes, though touch'd with sterner hue,
Are set before Thine all-embracing view :—
The snow-bound dweller on the mountain's back,
The ocean-hunter in his icy track,
The wild barbarian with his haughty head,
And every being through creation spread,
Placed in their proper sphere, are viewed by Heaven,
Are govern'd, guided, sentenced, and forgiven !

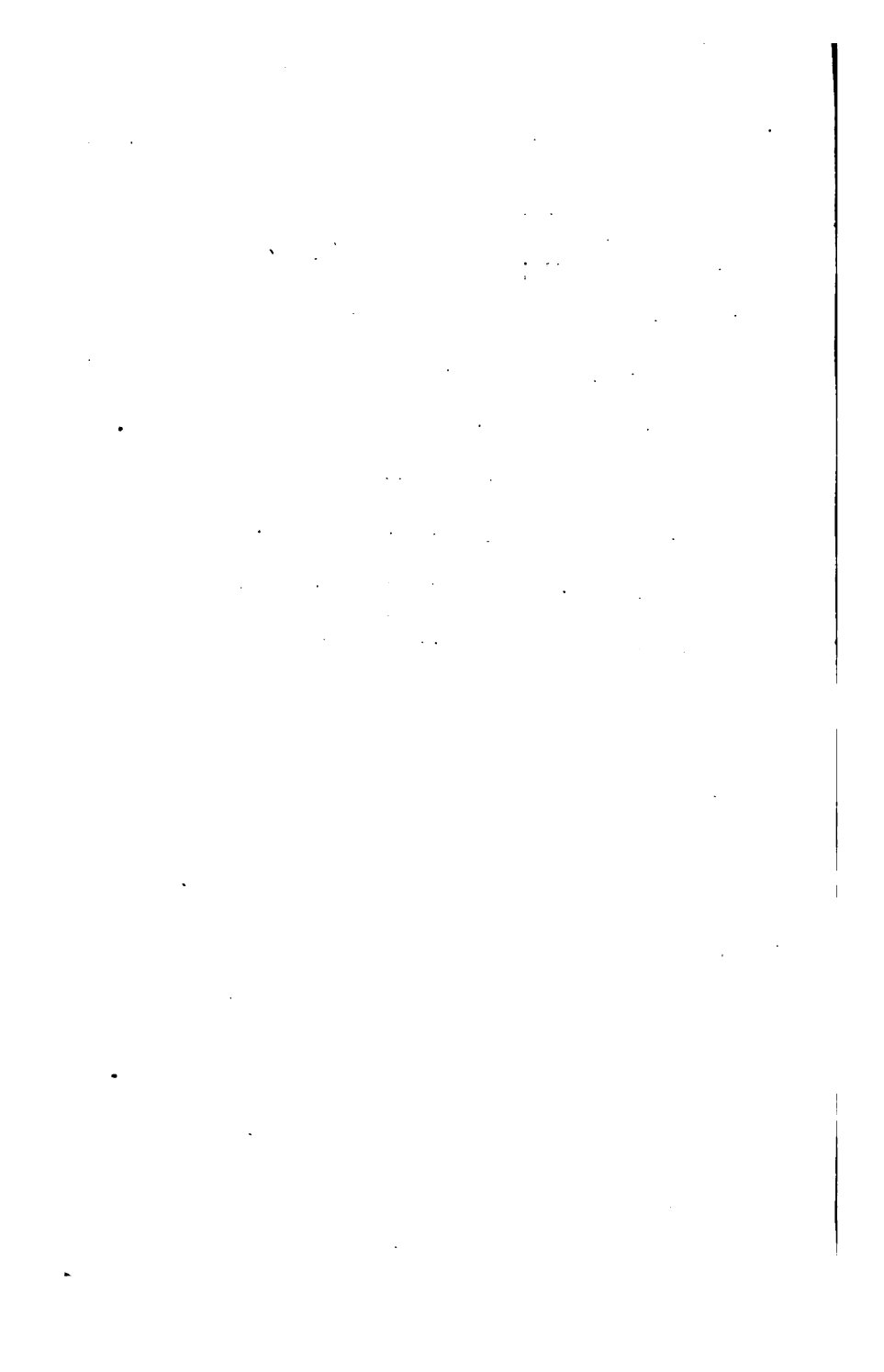
And here, while sitting 'neath the gaze of God,
Think how the universe obeys His nod !

Unseen, but felt, His interfused control
Works in each atom, and pervades the whole ;
Expands the blossom, and erects the tree,
Conducts each vapour, and commands each sea,
Shines in each ray, bids whirlwinds be unfurl'd,
Unrols the thunder, and upheaves a world !

But not alone created realms engage
Thy faultless wisdom, great primeval Sage !
For all the thronging cares to life allied,
Thy mercy tempers, and Thy truths provide :—
E'en now, while Britain, like the fretful deep
Where all the myriad billows swell and leap,
Contains her host of hearts that pant and heave
With joys that gladden, or with woes that grieve,
What scenes are witness'd by Thy watchful eye !
What millions waft to Thee the prayer and sigh !

Some wear out life in smiles, and some in tears ;
Some dare with hope, while others droop with fears :
The captive mutters o'er his rusted chain,
The exile sorrows for his home again,
While many a one hath closed his languid eye,
To dream of heaven, and view it ere he die !—
And yet, nor sigh can swell, nor tear-drop fall,
But THOU wilt see, and guide, and solace all !

END OF PART I.



PART II.



ANALYSIS OF PART II.

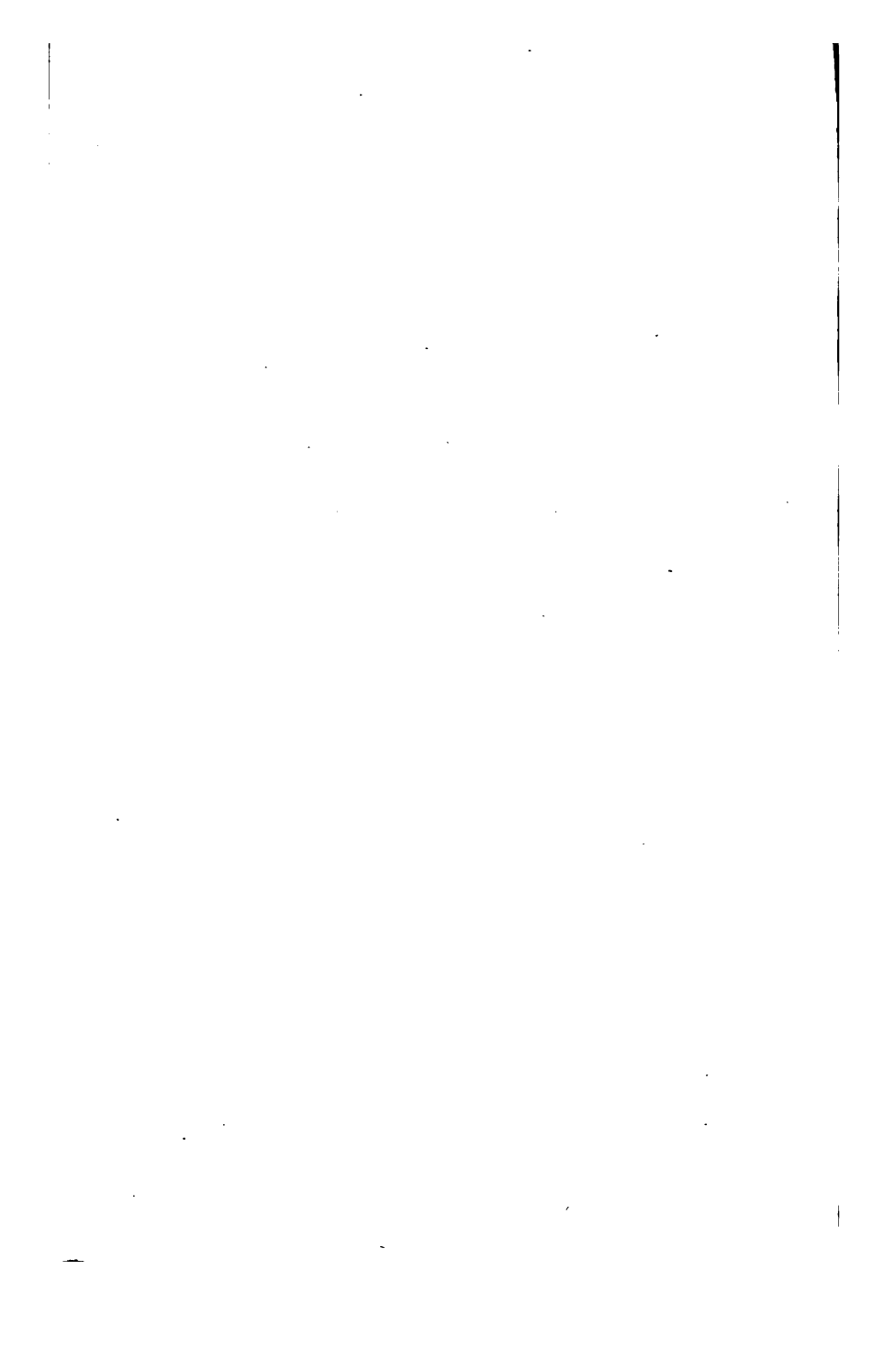
THE second part of the Poem is devoted to a consideration of the Presence of the Deity, as influencing the 'changeable scenes and affairs of Human Life—In our journey through the world, we cannot but admit an overruling Power—The mental independence of him who relies on it—What could the unfortunate do without it?—There is no lot too miserable or degraded to engage the paternal care of the Deity—Consolation derived from this certainty in scenes of suffering and woe—Pictures of a street-wanderer and an exiled captive—The cheering hopes imparted to the soldier on the field of battle, by his confidence in the Presence of God—Picture of a veteran—Battle-plain by moonlight described—Sketches:—God's viewless Spirit attendant on the dying and the dead—The sailor's farewell on the sea-shore—His mistress's prayer to Heaven to be with him in distant lands—Storm and wreck described—The mariner's deep consciousness of Preserving Providence, on his escape—his eloquent silence.

As misfortune is ever observed by the watchful love of God, so, in like manner, the crimes of the wicked cannot escape Him—Picture of a murderer standing over his bleeding victim—His dreadful sense of the Present God—The misery of remorse without His attending mercy—Episode of Marian—a youthful Convict's last night—Relief from an appeal to Heaven.

Though every day is alike governed by the presiding Presence of the Almighty, the Sabbath, from its sacred associations, appears peculiarly hallowed by it—The sanctity of His Temple—The evening prayers of a rustic family on the Sabbath eve—God is in the midst of the little assembly—Divine feelings excited by the majestic tones of an organ swelling through the vaulted cathedral—The Eternal is present at the heavenly rites of His Church—Village christening described—We cannot think on the thousand dangers which beset us from the cradle to the grave, without feeling a glow of gratitude to Him who has been with us through every change—Rapid survey of the common lot.

As God has been defined 'Love,' we may be assured that he eminently favours virtuous affection—The marriage-scene described—The Deity is by—The mysterious and

quiet raptures arising from the retrospections of a good man—We cannot but be penetrated by a sense of God's unseen guidance—Picture of an aged grandsire, sitting by his winter fire, and retracing the scenes of his life—Delights of friendship are next alluded to:—Though friends must part, The Universal Friend attends them—The last and most awful scene, when the presence of the Deity is required to support Human Nature—Death—Apostrophe to Death—When stretched on the couch of Death, how dismal the prospect, except the Eternal be with us—Picture of a dying old man, attended by his daughter—His happy feelings—Her prayer beside his bier—To see our friends depart is agonizing, but the blank misery that waits the return from the funeral, as we traverse their usual haunts, is more so;—the Almighty present, to solace and relieve.



PART II.

ALONG the barren world as doom'd we roam
By devious paths to one perennial home,
In tears or smiles, we own th' o'erruling hand
That beckons on to that celestial land,
Where, harbour'd all, life's billows sink away,
And the bright spirits bask in heaven's immortal ray!

And happy thou! through all the change of time,
Whom sorrow cannot burden with a crime;
Whose joyless heart and never-lighten'd care
Can proudly scorn the refuge of Despair;

Like ocean-wand'ers, guided by their star,
Thy heaven-taught spirit looks to Him afar !

Say ye, whose hearts unclouded can enjoy
The bliss of life, without the world's alloy,
What can illumine their melancholy way,
Where want begins, and misery crowns the day ?—
Blest be yon viewless Comforter on high,
No lot's too lowly for His pitying eye !
He looks upon the sleepless couch of woe,
And bids the dying light of hope to glow ;
Unarms the peril, heals the wounded mind,
And turns each feeling home to fate resign'd !

At wintry eve, when piercing night-winds blow,
Tint his wan cheek, and drift his locks of snow,

As oft the vagrant shivers through the street,
No voice to pity, and no hand to greet—
With many a pause he marks that window-pane,
Whose twinkling blaze recalls his home again !
Illusive mem'ry warms his widowed heart,
Till real woes in fancied bliss depart ;
And one by one, as happier days appear,
To each he pays the homage of a tear ;
Though homeless, still he loves home's joyous glare,
Looks up to heaven, and feels his home is there !

Within a dungeon mildew'd by the night,
Barr'd from salubrious air and cheering light,
Lo! the pale captive pines in hostile lands,
Chain'd to his doom by adamantine bands !
Oh! how he pants to face the fresh-wing'd breeze,
And list the voices of the summer trees ;

To breathe, and live, and move, and be as free
As Nature is, and man was made to be!
And when at night, upon his flinty bed,
Silent and sad he lays his grief-worn head,
There as the dungeon-bell with dreary sound
Tolls midnight through the sleeping air around,
Remembrance wafts him to congenial climes,
And frames a fairy world of happier times.
The woodland haunts around his native scene,
The village dance upon the festive green,
His thymy garden where he loved to ply,
And smiled as peeping flower-buds hail'd his eye,
His beauteous partner, and her blue-eyed boy,
Who prattled, played, and fed his soul with joy,—
All with immingling rapture fire his heart,
And force the stings of agony to start;

Till, like a bark by wrecking whirlwinds driven,
He rolls, and writhes, and groans despair to Heaven !
And Heaven is by ! and with ethereal charm
Bids Hope to waken, and her smiles to warm ;
Then, lull'd by her, his home-wed bosom teems
With holy raptures, and seraphic dreams.

Spirit of Light and Life ! when Battle rears
Her fiery brow amid terrific spears ;
When red-mouth'd cannon to the clouds uproar,
And gasping thousands make their beds in gore,
While on the billowy bosom of the air
Roll the dead notes of anguish and despair !
Unseen, Thou walk'st upon the smoking plain,
And hear'st each groan that gurgles from the slain !

*

List !—war-peals thunder on the battle-field ;
And many a hand grasps firm the glittering shield,
As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat their stormy drum !
And now are seen the youthful and the grey,
With bosoms firing to partake the fray ;
The first, with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed !
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on !—
But, mark yon war-worn man, who looks on high,
With thought and valour mirror'd in his eye !
Not all the gory revels of the day
Can fright the vision of his home away ;
The home of love, and its associate smiles,
His wife's endearment, and his baby's wiles :—

Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating, or with sword remiss ?
Ah no ! remember'd home 's the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword, and vigour to his arm ;
For this he supplicates the God afar,
Fronts the steel'd foe, and mingles in the war !

The cannon 's hush'd !—nor drum, nor clarion sound ;
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground ;
Horseman and horse lie welt'ring in their gore ;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more ;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain !

And see ! on this rent mound, where daisies sprung,
A battle-steed beneath his rider flung ;

*

Oh ! never more he'll rear with fierce delight,
Roll his red eyes, and rally for the fight !
Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior lies,
While from his ruffled lids, the white swell'd eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies !

Afar, with bosom bared unto the breeze,
White lips, and glaring eyes, and shiv'ring knees,
A widow o'er her martyr'd soldier moans,
Loading the night-wind with delirious groans !
Her blue-eyed babe, unconscious orphan he !
So sweetly prattling in his cherub glee,
Leers on his lifeless sire with infant wile,
And plays, and plucks him for a parent's smile !

But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping, and the slain ?—

Angel of Mercy ! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc Thou art hov'ring nigh,
To calm each groan, and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no more !

And on Thy Deep,—the girdle of the world,
When the fierce hurricanoes have unfurl'd
Their rapid wings, to battle and to rave,
Sweep down the rock, and scourge the yelling
wave ;

While skies in tempest agonies outgroan,
And the mad elements seem left alone,—
Lord of the Storm ! oh, Thou art present there,
In the loud thunder, and the lightning glare !

*

And 'mid the dread convulsion of the sea
The mariner's last shriek is heard by Thee!

Lo! to the yellow beach a maiden hies,
Love at her heart, and sorrow in her eyes;
Warm down her cheek impassion'd drops of woe,
Through fearful omens, for her lover flow:—
Oh! will he, far by faithless ocean borne,
Think of his lonely maid who lives to mourn?
Will he, whene'er by palmy streams he roams,
Dream of their twilight walks, and woodbine homes,
And that first spring, when in the cowslip dale
She blush'd an answer to his wooing tale?

Clasp'd in his twining arms, her seaman now,
Parts the sleek locks that nestle on her brow,

Then, mutely pensive, views his dark-eyed maid,
And looks the promise love had often said !—
But, ere his vessel in the horizon's blue,
Mist-mingling, dwindle from her aching view,
Sweet mourner ! heaven-ward Hope uplifts her mind
To Him who wings the storm, and walks the wind !

Thrice has the sun upon his green-waved bed,
Mid rosy clouds his vesper radiance shed,—
And thrice the moon from out the ocean rose,
Like pale-eyed beauty waking from repose ;
While glad beneath, the lustre-weaving wave
Murmur'd o'er many a seaman's weedy grave !

'Tis morning now—swift o'er the smooth fresh sea
The vessels dance, like gales along the lea,—

The keel-ploughed waters rustling as they pass,
Like crumpled blades of matin-moisten'd grass:—
But lo! the marsh'ling clouds around unite,
Like thick battalions halted for the fight;
The sun sinks back—and ramping winds fast sweep
Their bristled pinions on the darken'd deep,
Till the roll'd billows, piling in a train,
Rear their white heads, and volley on the main!

Now from their caverns rush the maniac blasts,
Tear the loose sails, and split the creaking masts,—
Like steeds to battle, on the waves advance,
While on their glassy backs the bubbles dance;
So fast her billows whiten in their ire,
All Ocean seems to boil upon a bed of fire!

But, see!—dash'd backward from a hidden rock,
One foundering vessel, reeling with the shock !
Like one appall'd by an unearthly sight,
Who stands all shiv'ring with convulsive fright :—
There, in a vale of waves, she rocks awhile,
Till on her deck the mountain-surges pile ;
Then struggling sinks, beneath the water's leap,
Like a huge monster wrestling with the Deep !

Borne, like a sunbeam, on the writhing waves,
One mariner alone the tempest braves ;
Home, life, and love, and near-imagin'd death,
Nerve the stout limb, and lengthen out his breath :
A rock is reach'd!—stretch'd on a storm-lash'd peak
Lies the wreck'd sailor—shiv'ring, wan, and weak !

With livid face, and look of ghastly dread,
And locks, like sea-weeds, streaming from his head !
Unmoved his lips,—but with his upturn'd eyes,
He visions forth a saviour in the skies !—
Builds him a viewless temple in the air,
Feels God around,—and silence is his prayer !

Can Guilt, though hidden from the light of earth,
Fly from His view, who gave all being birth ?—
From its first shadow on the sullied heart,
To the dark hour that consummates its part,
His sleepless eye detects the buried plan,
Unveils the villain, and condemns the man !

Yes ! oft He locks the weapon in the hand,
And makes the murd'rer for his capture stand ;

Or, when the flood of years has roll'd away
The darksome horrors of the blood-curs'd day,
His vengeance frowns upon the felon's sleep,
Forcing his haggard eye to wake and weep !

Upon the midnight heath, where fierce winds growl,
Like famish'd wolves careering as they howl,
While cloudy billows darkly swell and rise
As if an ocean brooded in the skies,
Aghast and quaking, see the murd'rer stand,
Shrink from himself, and clench his crimson hand !
Unearthly terror gripes his coward frame,
While Conscience writhes upon the rack of Shame !
Beneath him gasps the victim of his deed,
In that faint struggle ere the spirit 's freed ;

One deathy gaze—his languid eyelids close,
And life and torture sink to dead repose !

Still, dumb, with ashy lips convulsive spread,
And terror oozing from his tortur'd head,
There stands the murd'rer, fetter'd to the spot,
Life, fame, and judgment in his guilt forgot !
What though no human eye the slaughter sees,
A curse from Heaven comes mutter'd in each
breeze !

Let Crime entomb herself within the heart,
And day-light veil her with deceitful art,
Darkness shall all th' illusive web unwind—
That hell of conscience to a guilty mind !

At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on the brooding air that sleeps around ;
When all the drossy feelings of the day,
Touch'd by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,
Unhallow'd Guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal ;
A sense unutt'erable within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole !
On ev'ry limb shall creeping terror come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb ;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And Fancy flutter round the gulph of Hell !

Not so comes Darkness to the good man's breast,
When Night brings on the holy hour of rest ;

Tired of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed ;
His spirit bosom'd on the God of All,
Peace to the hour ! whate'er the night befall :—
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart ;
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles—
Next busy manhood battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run
o'er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears !
Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose.

When Conscience darts her stings into the mind,
And heart-broke Folly turns to look behind,
Then, righteous Heaven! without Thy hopeful ray,
What dark despair would lower on our way!
Where should we light the burden of our woes?
How should we lull the heart-strings to repose?
Yes! when the wayward heart has ceased to roam,
And yearns repentant for its hallow'd home,
Thy love will hail the weeping rebel there,
And hush to peace the tempest of despair!

And lo! with drooping head, too sad to weep,
Poor Marian trembles down yon hamlet steep;
And oft averting from the stranger's eye,
She folds her faded cloak,—and heaves a sigh!

Days were, when beauty clad her virgin mien,
Her eye the mirror of a mind serene,—
Till Fortune whisper'd her delusive tale,
Lured her weak heart, and won her from the
vale ;—

Now, hapless, hopeless, from the city dome
She hies remorseful to her village home ;
And wildly turns her deeply-pensive glance,
As down the hawthorn lane her steps advance,
Where, from the distant hill, the taper spire
Points to the past, and fans her brain on fire !—
No happy father hails his daughter now,
No mother prints a blessing on her brow ;
Gone e'en that cot, where oft at summer day
She sat, and sweetly sung the hours away !

And now, along the yew-tree burial-ground,
Where rank grass waves o'er many a narrow mound,
The mourner strays—till one lone slab appears,
The graven record of her parents' years !
There, on the turfy heap, with trembling knees,
Her lips convuls'd, her ringlets in the breeze,
She lifts her pity-pleading eye to Heaven,
Swells a deep sigh, and prays to be forgiven :—
Heaven smiles compassion on her deep distress,
And wraps her to the bowers of blessedness !

But when the erring heart at passion's shrine
Hath basely sacrificed each trait divine ;
When Guilt hath stained it with her deepest dye,
And blood for blood is Nature's dreadful cry,

Angel of Mercy ! thy supernal power
Alone can tame the terrors of the hour ;
Thine is the charm that makes the heart unbind,
Mount on the wings of Faith, and leave Despair be-
hind !

Thine is the voice that soothes the gasping breath,
And breathes a halo round the gloom of death !

And hark ! the dungeon bars have ceased to
sound,
The midnight-guard has paced his clanking round,
And all is hush'd and dismal as the deep
When weary storms sink mutt'ring into sleep :
When daybreak gleams, the scaffold-floor will be
The felon's step-place to eternity !—

And one there is, in yonder glimm'ring cell,
Whose young heart wept, and wonder'd while it fell,
Lean, wan, and fevered, on his strawy bed,
With eye wild-rolling and bewilder'd head :
'Tis not the chains that clink upon his straw,
'Tis not the blow of violated law,
But racking thoughts that rive his shudd'ring heart,
And make the fibres of his bosom start !

Yes ! they have borne him to his native streams,
Where young-eyed Fancy wove her fairy dreams ;
To each green glade, where Boyhood loved to roam,
Till Twilight came, and called the truant home ;
To those, whose rev'rend forms 'twas his to save,
And hand them onward to a peaceful grave !

O, could he but renew that guiltless time—
Alas!—his hands are dipp'd in blood and crime!
Vain would a felon's dying wish restore
To home and love the calm they knew before!
The throes of agony that grave his cheek,
Those wringing hands, and that delirious shriek,—
Let these reveal the burning load of pain
Remembrance piles upon his phrensied brain!
Till Faith descend upon her wings of Love,
Raise the droop'd soul, and point to realms above;
Then, firm the glance—hush'd every groan and cry,
And Hypocrites might shake to see a felon die!

Thou unimagined God! though every hour,
And every day, speak Thy tremendous power,

Upon the seventh creation's work was crown'd;
When the full universe career'd around!
Then ever hallowed be Thy chosen day
Till Nature die, and Time shall roll away!

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled
prime,
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day.⁹

On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the lingering echo steals,

What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And bursts the thralldom of terrestrial woes ?
Who, in His temple, gives to Gød a prayer,
Nor feels the majesty of Heaven is there ?—
The listening silence of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe awhile ;
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral incense swelling to the skies,
All raise the soul to energies sublime,
And bless the solemn sadness of the time.

Emblem of Peace!—upon the village plain
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the toil-worn swain ;
Soon as thy smiles athwart the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the brightening day ;

Humble and happy, to his lot resigned,
He feels the inward sabbath of the mind.

And when, with bending knee and rev'rent tone,
He 's breathed his vows unto Jehovah's throne,
Serene the thoughts that o'er his bosom steal,
When homeward winding for the Sabbath meal !
There shall kind Plenty wear her sweetest smiles ;
There shall his rosy children play their wiles ;
And there the meek-eyed mother muse and joy,
And court with frequent kiss her infant boy :
At noon, a ramble round the burial-ground,
A moral tear on some lamented mound ;
Or breezy walk along the green expanse,
Where summer beauty charms the ling'ring glance,—

These are the wonted blessings of the day,
That all his weekly toils and woes repay :—
And when ærial Night hath veiled the view,
And star-gleams twinkle on the meadow dew,
Some elder boy beside his father's knee
Shall stand, and read the Holy History ;
Or peaceful prayer, or chanted hymn, shall close
The hour that woos him to a sweet repose.

And Melody !—an echo breathed from Heaven !—
By her, divine, august delight is given ;
Whether she melt a passion from the mind,
Or with Æolian languish lull the wind ;
Or else sublimely madden in the roar
Of wrathful billows, prancing to the shore ;

Or on the downy pinions of a breeze
Cradle with murm'ring lullabies the trees—
Alike divine!—But deeper in the soul
Sinks Melody's omnipotent control,
When, from the fluted organ, full and deep,
Billows of music through the dim aisles sweep!
Heart, eye, and ear confess the awful spell,
While soul and being with the magic swell!
And as the spiral echoes upward wind,
Die off—and scarcely leave the man behind!

And now, while faintly-ebbing murmurs roll
Entrancing music o'er the prostrate soul,
Sublimely sad to linger in some aisle,
Where, through the blazon'd panes, the vesper smile

With hectic radiance quivers in the gloom,
Or crowns, like seraph light, th' inspiring tomb ;
And feel at such an hour the heart unfold,
Struck by the presence of the sage and bold !—
The tomb-like echoes of the trodden ground,
The monumental awe suffus'd around,
The fretted arch with its gigantic sweep,
The world's great spirits throned in marble sleep,
Subdue each earthly passion into fear,
While Fancy's airy beings hover near !

But not alone the stately-vaulted pile,
The echoing cloister, or the pillared aisle,
Hallow the mind : the humblest temple can
Refine the feeling, and sublime the man.

And see! down where yon arches shed their gloom,
And mottoes speak from many a time-worn tomb,
There, where the font uprears its marble crest,
A mingled group of white-robed peasants rest ;
And in the midst a mother, young and mild,
Offers to heaven the homage of her child ;
And oft she gazes on the sleeping boy,
Lock'd to her breast with all a mother's joy ;
Fearful and fond, and twining for repose,
Like a young bud around the parent rose !

But who shall paint her meditative eye,
Her look of love, and heaven-appealing sigh,
When on the cherub brow, with hope divine,
The holy preacher prints the liquid sign ?—

Joys, doubts, and fears in mingling torrent rise,
And tears of rapture glitter in her eyes!

Whene'er I gaze upon a sinless child,
Tossing its merry head of ringlets wild,—
Lip, cheek, and eye, all in that lovely glow
Young spirits feel, as yet unchill'd by woe,
A voiceless wonder animates each sense,
To think how Mercy watches innocence!

Survey the scene of life:—in yonder room,
Pillow'd in beauty 'neath the cradle gloom,
While o'er its features plays an angel smile,—
A breathing cherub slumbers for awhile:
Those budding lips, that faintly-fringed eye,
That placid cheek, and uncomplaining sigh,

The little limbs in soft embrace entwin'd,
Like flower-leaves folded from the gelid wind ;
All in their tender charms, her babe endear,
And feed the luxury of a mother's fear.

Next, mark her infant, rais'd to childhood's stage,
Bound in the bloom of that delightful age—
With heart as light as sunshine on the deep,
And eye that woe has scarcely taught to weep !
The tip-toe gaze, the pertinacious ken,
Each rival attribute of mimick'd men,
The swift decision, and unbridled way,
Now picture forth his yet auspicious day.

Whether at noon he guides his tiny boat
By winding streams, and woody banks remote,

Or climbs the meadow tree or trails the kite,
Till clouds aërial veil his wond'ring sight ;
Or wanders forth among far woods alone,
To catch with ravish'd ear the cuckoo's tone,—
A hand above o'er shades the venturous boy,
And draws the daily circle of his joy !

And thus, when manhood brings its weight of care,
To swell the heart, and curb the giddy air,
The father, friend, the patriot, and the man,
Share in the love of Heaven's parental plan ;
Till age o'ersteal his mellow'd form at last,
And wintry locks tell summer youth is past ;
Then like the sun, slow-wheeling to the wave,
He sinks with glory to a welcome grave !

Sublime ! supreme ! and universal God !
Though orbs unnumber'd hang beneath thy nod,
One omnipresent, ever-sleepless Love
Pervades, directs, and tempers from above !
When from Thy hands primeval Earth out-
sprang,
And starry music o'er the launch'd world rang,
Thine emblem, GOD, was LOVE!—nor eye can
see,
Where love is not the master trait of Thee.

And since that time, when to her Eden bower
The God-like Adam led his beauty-dower,
And there, while music harmoniz'd the grove,
Attuned each rapture to requited love,

Have souls commingled in affection's flame,
In weal unsever'd, and in woe the same !

Young, chaste, and lovely—pleas'd, yet half afraid,
Before yon altar droops the plighted maid—
Clad in her bridal robes of taintless white,
With all her beauty trepid with delight ;
Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
Each with a tender look, and feeling bland ;
And oft she turns her meekly-pensive eye,
And heaves her virgin bosom with a sigh ;
Then fondly views, in youth's commanding pride,
Her own adored one panting by her side !—
Like lilies bending from the noon-tide blaze,
Her bashful eye-lids droop beneath his gaze ;

While love and homage blend their blissful power,
And shed a heaven around his marriage hour!

What though his chance-abounding life ordain
A path of anguish and bewild'ring pain ;
By want or woe to wilds sequester'd driv'n,
A cot's a palace by the light of Heav'n !
There is a heart which, until death, will be
A gushing, glowing, fount of sympathy ;
One frownless eye to kindle with his own—
One changeless friend, when other friends are flown !—
O! sanction Thou the love-united pair,
Fountain of love! for Thou art present there.

There are some heart-entwining hours in life,
With sweet seraphic inspiration rife ;

When mellowing thoughts, like music on the ear,
Melt through the soul, and languish in a tear !
And such are they, when, tranquil and alone,
We sit and ponder on long periods flown ;
And, charm'd by Fancy's retrospective gaze,
Live in an atmosphere of other days ;
While friends and faces, flashing on the mind,
Conceal the havoc Time has left behind !

Yon aged man,—with what a musing eye
He dreams and lingers o'er the days gone by,
When pensive sitting by his evening fire,
To Memory's peaceful glade his thoughts retire ;
While cherub grandsons pat his willing knee,
Twine their bright curls, and prattle off their glee !

Now gently fleet back joy-wing'd days of old,
When Hope led forward, and the eye look'd bold ;
With holy calm he thinks of place and time,
Beloved when left—unblotted with a crime ;
Gone friendships' smiles are re-illumined now,
And gleams of fancy lighten up his brow !
What hand puissant gave to life each form,
Scatter'd the cloud, and piloted the storm ?
Guided him onward through his thorny road,
Supplied each joy, and brighten'd each abode ?—
Ah ! see the pious tear of memory roll
A welling rapture from his grateful soul,
That mounts to whence all light and life began,—
To HIM, who reared the boy, and bless'd the
man !

Chain'd to the car of Time, as on we roll
Through cloud and tempest to th' eternal goal,
How favored he, whose sapient soul refined,
Meets by the way some all-partaking mind ;
Some feeling friend, with undissembled smile,
True to his own, to gladden and beguile :
Though Life's wild tumults sever hearts so true,
And drear and dismal be the faint " Adieu !"
Delicious thought ! to dry the farewell tear,—
On both, one Guardian Angel lingers near !
Though far-off lands, or ocean's checkless tide,
Awhile their heart-warm union may divide,
His hand will guide them to that sacred home,
Where Love shall never part, and Friendship never
roam !

And if brief absence in our stormy life
Wake in fond bosoms sympathetic strife,
How crack the heart-strings when Death's giant hand
Tears a lov'd victim to his shadowy land !
O Death !—thou dreadless Vanquisher of earth,
The Elements shrunk blasted at thy birth !
Careering round the world like tempest wind,
Martyrs before, and victims strew'd behind ;
Ages on ages cannot grapple thee,
Dragging the World into Eternity !

And say, when panting on our couch we lie,
And scan the future with uncheated eye,
How coils Imagination from the tomb,
How Fancy shudders at its dreadful gloom ;

What shapes of horror glide around our bed,
Damp from the ghastly regions of the dead ;
While the soul hovers o'er that fearful brink,
Where Faith turns wild, and Thought too weak to
think ;

Trembling and starting like a shade in sleep,
Or a lone vessel on the troubled deep—
Till Revelation's heaven-directed beam
Melts every doubt in a celestial dream ;
Oh ! then no more convulsing terrors roll ;
Then, then, the hallelujah of the Soul !
Wrapt in the blaze of heaven, it wings away
To the bright bowers of everlasting day !

Lo ! on his curtain'd couch, with pillow'd head,
And dewy limbs in deathly languor spread,

The dying parent, like a wailing breeze,
Moans in the feverish grasp of wan Disease ;
While sad, and watching, with a sleepless eye,
His lovely daughter sits, and muses by :
So Gabriel sat within the Saviour's tomb,
When his pure Spirit walked the Stygian gloom !

There, as the melancholy midnight bell
Knolls o'er the sleeping world the day's farewell,
Frequent she glances at his pale-worn brow,
And those dear eyes so dim and deathful now !
Till all his love and all his care returns,
And memory through her brain and bosom burns.
That drooping hand, so pallid and so weak,
How often had it smooth'd her infant cheek !—

Or danc'd her, lightly-tripping by his side
And prattling sweetly with delighted pride ;
Or pluck'd the painted flower that charmed her age,
Or gently oped Instruction's pictured page,
Or pointed to the trepid beauty-star
That twinkled in the vesper cloud afar !

But, see ! no more the arrowy throes of pain
Rack his bound head, or force the plaintive strain ;
Slumber hath heal'd them with assuasive balm,
And steep'd the senses in oblivion's calm :—
Pleased at his quiet mien, with timid breath
She stirs to see—alas ! the sleep of Death !
Pulseless and pale, beneath the taper's glow,
Lies her loved parent,—now a clayey show !

She shook not,—shrieked not,—raised no maniac
tone,
Nor wrung her hand, nor heaved one heart-deep
groan ;
But stood aghast!—too dreadful for relief,
Mute, stiff, and white,—a monument of Grief!

To hear the dying their faint murmurs speak,
And watch the death-glaze smooth the waxen cheek ;
To see the fiery eye-ball fiercely roll,
As if it wrestled with the parting soul ;
Or hear the last clod crumble on the bed,
And sound the hollow mansion of the dead ;
This, this is woe!—but deeper far that gloom
That haunts us when we pace the dreary room,

And shadow forth an image of our love,
Rapt to Elysian realms of light above !
'Tis now,—while low and long the heavy knell
Rolls on the breeze a parted soul's farewell,
Despair and Anguish darken round our view,
And all but Sorrow seems to be untrue.
How sadly vacant turns the frequent gaze,
To where the mourn'd one smiled in other days !
The voice harmonious to the social ease,
With all that worth or wisdom joined to please,
The twilight walk by some romantic stream
Where Friendship warm'd, while Fancy wove her
 dream,
The smile, and wit,—all, all the faithful heart
Delights to trace on Mem'ry's mazy chart,

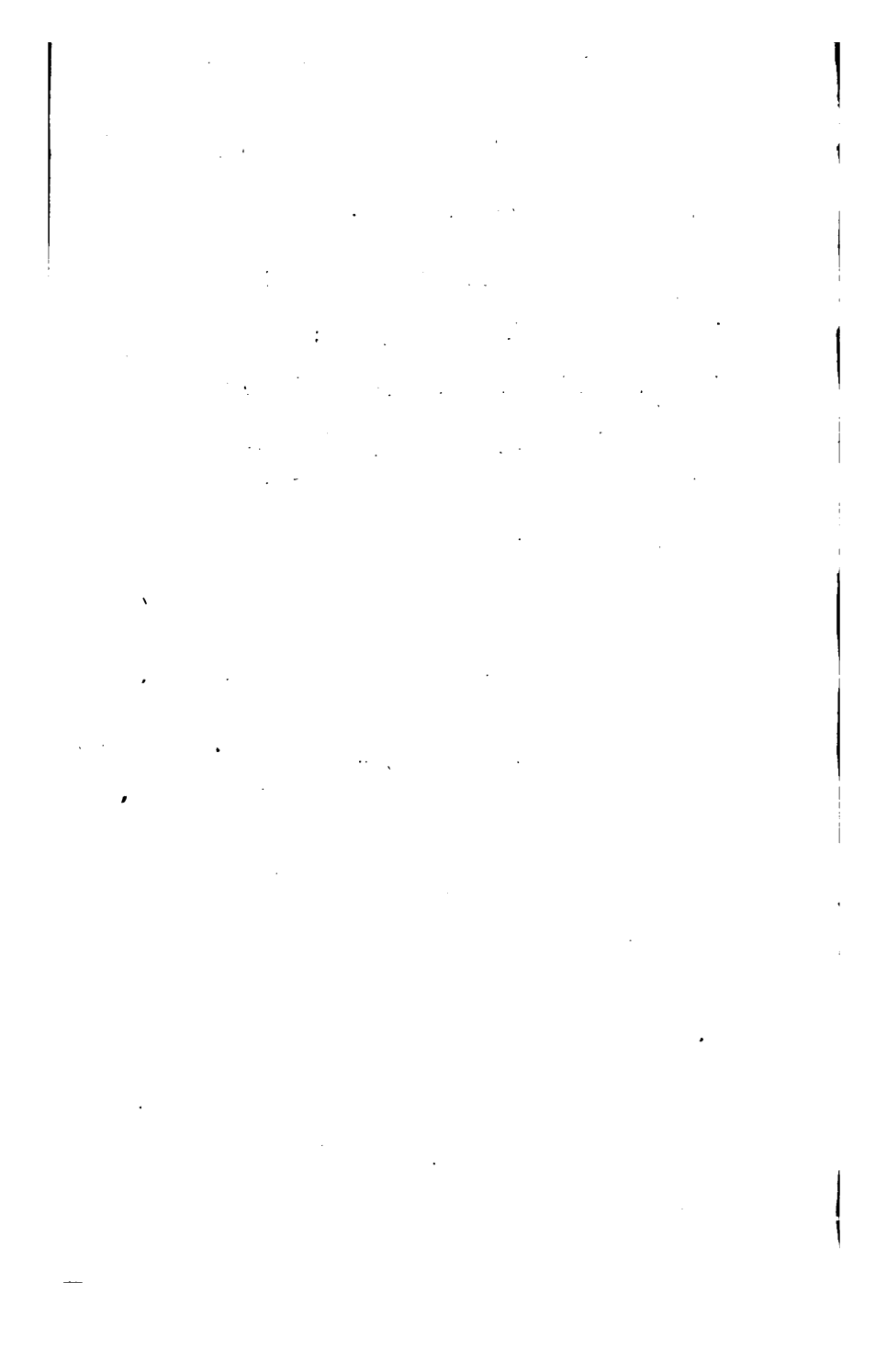
Return upon us:—OMNIPRESENT POWER!

'Tis Thine to lull this agonizing hour;

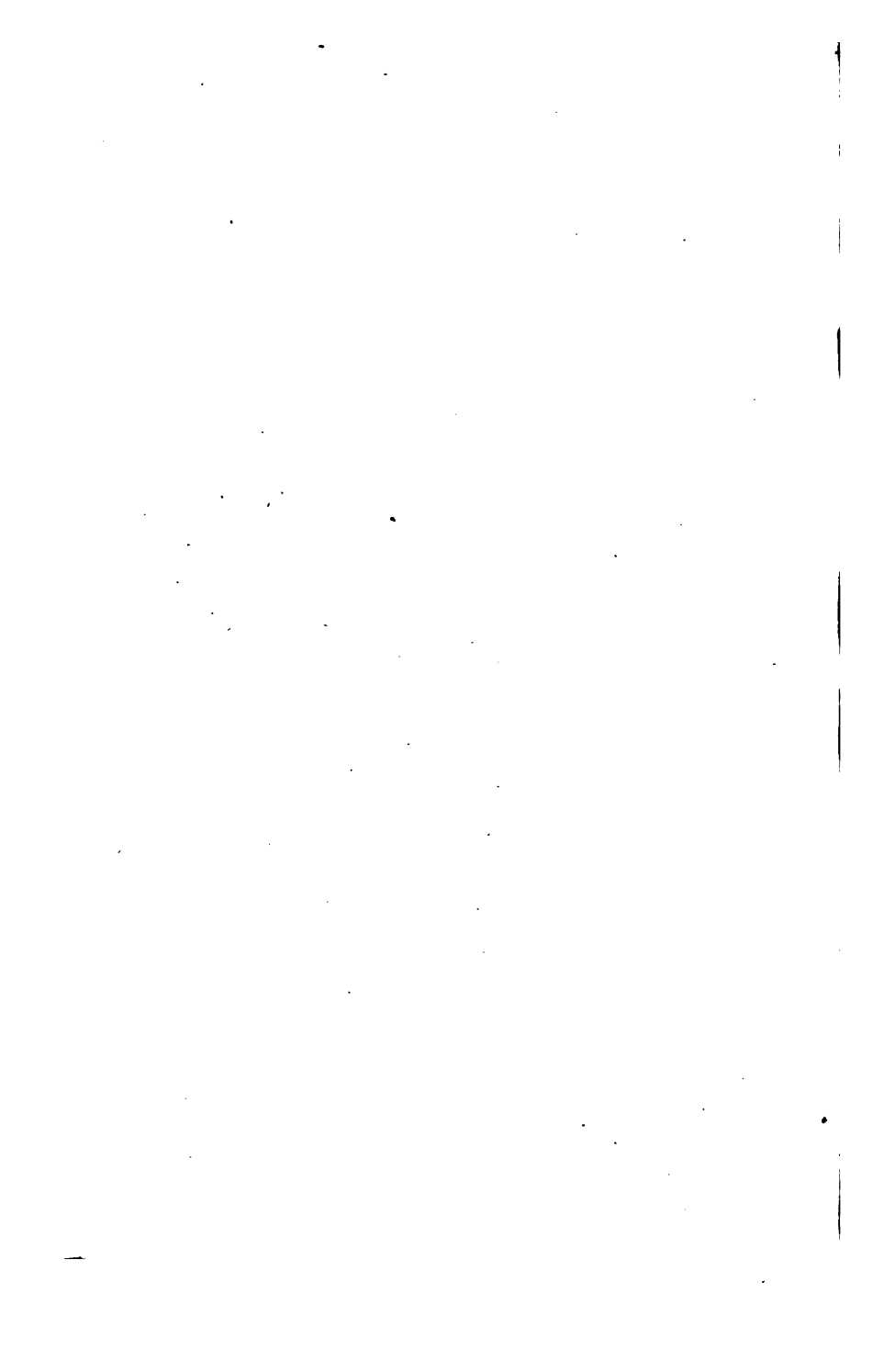
To charm the burden from the soul, and give

The tears that solace, and the hopes that live.

END OF PART II.



PART III.



ANALYSIS OF PART III.

If there be no God, the former parts of this Poem are raised on the material of fanciful feeling and superstitious fiction:—Can we survey the canopy above us—meditate on the whole system of Creation—and deem Chance the origin of all things?—If so, the dreadful consequences that may accrue from this distempered doctrine:—By a natural, but melancholy digression, we are here led to glance at the effects of Atheism, as partially influencing the horrors of the French Revolution—The sad fate of the beautiful Marie Antoinette—Her interesting appearance on the balcony during the tumults at Versailles.

Return to a consideration of Atheism—Confined pleasures of an Atheist—It is a sorry boast of wisdom to triumph over a belief of man's immortality—If the soul be not immortal, how are we to account for those aspirations which are never satisfied with the highest attainment of earthly enjoyment?—The dismal doctrine of be-

lieving all our ties of love and affection are eternally severed by the hand of Death:—when we reflect on the glorious Spirits of gone time, can we imagine them eternally quenched into senseless dust?—The delightful consolations derived from a belief in a future state—The different feelings with which the Atheist and the Christian face their dying hour—Pictures of the death-bed of a Sceptic and a Christian—The Poem concludes with a view of the last dread scene, when the **OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY** shall be felt in its most sublime realities.

PART III.

Now, while the starry choirs aërial rise,
And liquid moonlight mellows all the skies,
Oh ! let sublime Imagination soar
High as the lightnings rage, or thunders roar ;
Ride on the deep, or travel with the sun,
Far as Creation smiles, or Time has run :
So shall her eagle eye divinely see
All living—breathing—full of Deity !
In every wave and wind, and fruit and flower,
The beauty, grace, and terror of His power.

Who hung yon planet in its airy shrine,
And dash'd the sunbeam from its burning mine ?
Who bade the ocean-mountains swell and leap,
And thunder rattle from the skiey deep ?
Through hill and vale who twined the healthful stream,
Made rain to nurture, and the fruit to teem ?
Who charm'd the clod into a breathing shrine,
And filled it with a living flame divine ?
One Great Enchanter helm'd the harmonious whole,
Creator !—God !—the grand primeval Soul !

And dare men dream that dismal Chance has framed
All that the eye perceives, or tongue has named ;
The spacious world, and all its wonders, born
Designless, self-created, and forlorn ;

Like to the flashing bubbles on a stream,
Fire from the cloud, or phantom in a dream?
That no grand Builder plied His plastic force,
Gave to each object, form,—to motion, course?
Then, blood-lipp'd Murder, bare thy hideous arm,
And thou, Rebellion, welter in thy storm!
Awake, ye spirits of avenging crime!
Burst from your bonds, and battle with the time.
Why should the orphans of the world, who roam
O'er earth's bleak waste, without a friend—a
 home,
With resignation mark their fellow clay
Bask in the sunshine of a better day?
Why should the vagrant shiver at the door,
Nor spoil the miser of his treasured ore?

Save Faith's sweet music harmonized the mind,
Whisper'd of Heaven, and bade it be resigned.

And here, let Memory turn her tearful glance,
On the dark horrors of tumultuous France ;
When blood and blasphemy defiled her land,
And fierce Rebellion shook her savage hand,
While women flung their female hearts away,
Rear'd the red pike, and butcher'd for their pay !

No more the tocsin for the carnage tolls,
No dead-piled tumbril from the slaughter rolls ;
The blood has dried upon the wither'd plain,
And brave La Vendée blooms in peace again ;
Still may we raise an image of the times,
And draw a moral from a nation's crimes.

Unhappy land ! did godless Wisdom pour
Delightful Liberty from shore to shore ?
Ah no ! perverted Freedom cursed the day
With nameless deeds of horror and dismay ;
Till Heaven avenging seized its ravish'd power,
And crush'd an empire to decide her hour !

Let streets of blood, let dungeons choked with dead,
The tortur'd brave, the royal hearts that bled ;
Let plunder'd cities, and polluted fanes,
The butcher'd thousands piled upon the plains—
Let the foul orgies of infuriate crime
Picture the raging havoc of that time,
When leagued Rebellion march'd to kindle man,
Fright in her rear, and Murder at her van !

And thou, sweet flower of Austria! slaughter'd
Queen!

Who dropp'd no tear upon the dreadful scene,
When gush'd the life-stream from thine angel form,
And martyr'd beauty perish'd in the storm!—
Once worshipp'd paragon of all who saw,
Thy look obedience, and thy smile a law!
When midnight tumults agonis'd thy head,
And blood-wet daggers pierced thy regal bed;
While loud below, the assassin rais'd his yell,
And howl'd for victims while his hatchet fell;
By rebels claim'd,—methinks I see thee stand,
Thine infants clinging to thy faithful hand,
And face majestic the murd'rous throng
That ramp'd, and foam'd, and scream'd their loath-
some song!—

E'en then, thy queenly prowess hush'd their roar,
Till Mercy smiled, and Treason dared no more!

Unhallow'd men ! whose thankless eyes can glance
On all around, and deem it born of Chance ;
Self-martyr'd victims to unfathom'd gloom,
Your life a vision, and your heart a tomb ;
The source and end of being in the ground,
Where all is silent, and your goal is found !
How charmless time must stream away with you !
To struggle, wish, and weep, and then—Adieu !
Ye cannot stifle Sorrow at her birth,
By hopes prevailing o'er the woes of earth ;
Nor fire the lukewarm passions of the soul
By immortality's sublime control ;

Share with the majesty of earth and sky,
Mount on a thought, and talk with DEITY !

Boast not of Wisdom, if her precepts say
Th' immortal essence mingles with the clay ;
In polar isles, where Wisdom's mellow beam
Ne'er chasten'd beauty's glance, or rapture's dream,
E'en there a Deity pervades the mind,
Speaks in the storm, and travels on the wind !

And shall the soul, the fount of reason, die,
When dust and darkness round its temple lie ?
Did God breathe in it no ethereal fire,
Dimless and quenchless though the breath expire ?
Then why were godlike aspirations given,
That, scorning earth, so often frame a heaven ?

Why does the ever-craving wish arise,
For better, nobler, than the world supplies?
Ah, no! it cannot be that men were sent
To live and languish on, in discontent;
That souls were moulded to betrayful trust,
To feel like God, and perish like the dust!

If Death for ever doom us to the clod,
And earth-born Pleasure be our only god,
The rapid years shall bury all we love,
Nor leave one hope to re-unite above!
No more the voice of Friendship shall beguile,
No more the mother on her infant smile;
But vanishing, like snow upon the deep,
Nature shall perish in eternal sleep!

Illustrious beacons! spirits of the just!
Are ye embosom'd in perennial dust?
Shall ye, whose names, undimm'd by ages, shine
Bright as the flame that mark'd ye for divine,
For ever slumber—never meet again,
Too pure for sorrow, too sublime for pain?
Ah, no! celestial Fancy loves to fly
With eager pinion, and prophetic eye,
To radiant dwellings of immortal fire
Where Pain can never come, and Pleasure never
tire;
There, as the choral melodies career,
Sublimely rolling through the seraph sphere,
In angel-forms, you all again unite,
And bathe in streams of everlasting light!

When friends have vanish'd to their viewless home,
And we are left companionless to roam,
O! what can cheer our melancholy way,
But hopes of union in the Land of Day?
Soul-loved! companions of our greener years,
Warm'd at our joys, and weeping at our tears,
How oft renewing Memory paints each hour,
When Friendship triumph'd, and the heart had power!
Yes, hallow'd are those visions of the brain,
When Heaven unveils, and loved ones smile again!

And thou! for ever fond, for ever true,
Beneath whose smile the boy to manhood grew;
To sorrow gentle, and to error mild,
Shall Death for ever tear thee from thy child?

Ah, no ! when thy bewilder'd days are o'er,
And toils and troubles shall prevail no more,
Thy renovated mind shall bask above,
In amaranthine bowers of bliss and love ;
There shall we muse amid the starry glow,
Or hear the fiery streams of Glory flow ;
Or, on the living cars of lightning driven,
Triumphant wheel around the plains of heaven !

And say ! how will the sceptic brave the hour
Of Death's divine, inexorable power,
When all this fairy world shall glide away,
Like midnight dreams before the morning day ?
See ! how he shudders at the thought of death !
What doubt and horror hang upon his breath !

The gibb'ring teeth, glaz'd eye, and marble limb,—
Shades from the tomb stalk out, and stare on
him!—

Lo! there, in yonder fancy-haunted room,
What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom,
When pale, and shiv'ring, and bedew'd with fear,
The dying sceptic felt his hour drew near!
From his parch'd tongue no soothing accents fell,
No bright hopes kindled at his faint farewell;
As the last throes of death convuls'd his cheek,
He gnash'd, and quail'd, and raised a hideous
shriek,
Rounded his eyes into a ghastly glare,
Lock'd his white lips—and all was mute despair!

Go, child of darkness ! see a Christian die !
No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye ;
No dreadful doubts, or dreamy terrors, start
The hope Religion pillows on his heart,
When with a dying hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true !
Calm, as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away !

But what is death, or danger, storm, or sea,
What are the loudest thunders launch'd by Thee,
Eternal Spirit ! to a blazing world,—
A universe from its foundations hurl'd ?

Then, then will come thine OMNIPRESENT hour,
And ruin'd worlds dissolve beneath its power !

Ages has awful Time been travelling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone ;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn, have gloried in their birth :
We live, and toil, we triumph, and decay,—
Thus age on age rolls unperceiv'd away ;
And thus 'twill be, till Heaven's last thunders roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more !

O ! say, what Fancy, though endow'd sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And Earth be dash'd into Eternity !

A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun,
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon !
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll !
And those sweet stars, that, like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the hail-drops, from their depths will bound,
And far terrific meteors flash around !—
But while the skies are shatter'd by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down-shot star,—
Stupendous wreck below !—a burning world !
As if the flames of hell were on the winds unfurl'd !

Around the horizon wheels one furnace blaze,
Streaking the black heavens with gigantic rays ;

Now bursting into wizard phantoms bright,
And now immingled in a sea of light !
Till ramping hurricanes unroll on high,
And whirl the fire-clouds quivering through the sky ;
Like sea-foam dash'd upon a mountain side,
When the mad winds upon the surges ride.

And, lo ! the Sea :—along her ruin'd shore
The white waves gallop with delirious roar !
Till Ocean, in her agonizing throe,
Bounds, swells, and sinks, like leaping hills of snow !
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.

And now, while shadowy worlds career around,
While mountains tremble, and while earthquakes sound,

While waves and winds rush roaring to the fray,
Who shall abide the horrors of the day?
How shall we turn our terror-stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire-throned DEITY?

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet-sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around!
From north to south, from east to west, it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls!
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The Sea has heard it!—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breath'd, or mov'd, or seen, or felt;
All they around whose cradles Kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who career'd in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are pluck'd from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom!

Now, while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With glitt'ring banners at His feet unroll'd,
Earth's Judge!—around seraphic minstrels throng,
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song;
While melodies ærial and sublime,
Weave a wild death-dirge o'er departing Time!—

Imagination ! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire ;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unroll'd !
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon ! and blacken'd is the sun !
The stars have bounded 'mid the airy roar ;
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more ;
The Deep unbosom'd, with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin, like Creation's tomb !

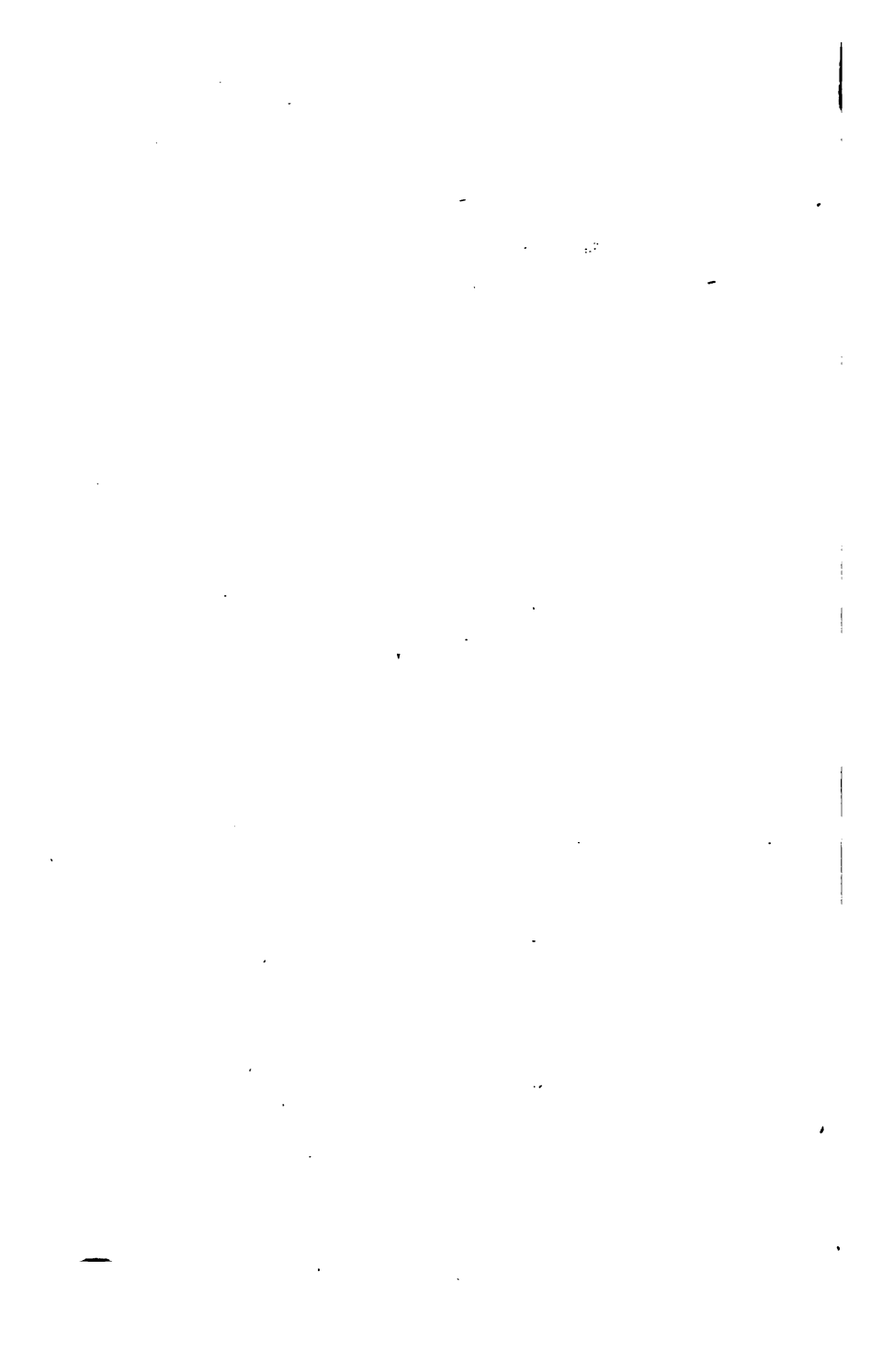
And lo ! the living harvest of the Earth,
Reap'd from the grave to share a second birth ;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air ;

While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam.

And see! amid the skies' terrific glare,
Like a wild planet wheeling through the air,
The Eternal Spirit, on a fiery car,
Cleaves through the clouds, and blazes from afar!
And, like an ocean vollied from His throne,
Roars the deep thunder of His judgment tone!—
Wing'd on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold the blessed soar to realms above;
The curs'd, with hell uncover'd to their eye,
Shake, shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!

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NOTES.



NOTES.

Note 1. p. 10.

"Eternal lightnings wrap thy rainbow'd throne."

SEE the 14th and 19th chapters of Exodus; where the Presence of the Deity is sublimely depicted.

Note 2. p. 21.

"How soon the hallowing stillness of the spot."

In Mr. Charles Butler's *Life of De Rancé*, there is a passage which may be quoted as illustrative of that feeling of awe inspired by a venerable ruin. Speaking of the Abbey de la Trappe, he writes—"All travellers who have given a description of it, agree, that the monastery and its environs present a scene, which even the strongest mind cannot view without a sentiment of awe. At a small distance from the monastery a dark forest encircles it on every side, and eleven lakes, the water of which is always of a dismal hue, and always stagnant, form round it, in two circles, a double moat. The solemn stillness of the scenery completes its horror."

Note 3. p. 26.

“ Expands the blossom, and erects the tree.”

“ Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees—
Lives through all life—extends through all extent—
Spreads undivided—operates unspent.”—POPE.

Note 4. p. 59.

“ Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind.”

It is pleasing to find that the most wildly-tempered minds can at times be tranquillized into a holy state of feeling by the simple peal of church bells. Bonaparte is recorded to have said—“ Last Sunday evening, in the general silence of Nature, as I was walking in these grounds (of Malmaison), the sound of the church-bell of Ruel fell on my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth—I was profoundly affected. Such is the effect of early habit and associations.”

Note 5. p. 90.

“ Rear’d the red pike, and butcher’d for their pay !”

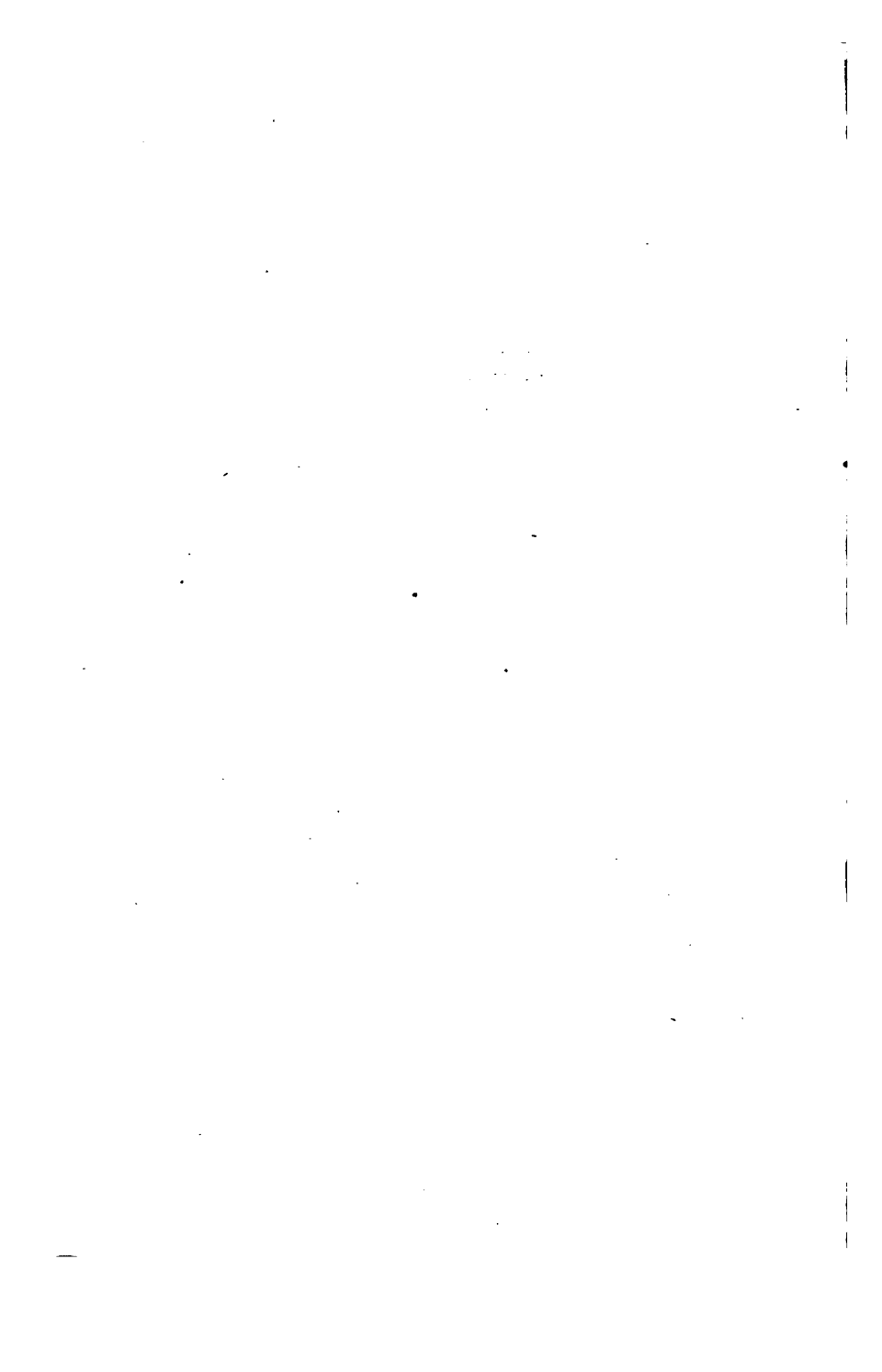
This revolting scene is thus described by Sir Walter Scott, in his Sketch of the French Revolution, prefixed to his Life of Napoleon:—“ The outside of the palace was still besieged by the infuriated mob, who demanded, with hideous cries, and acclamations the most barbarous and

obscene, the Austrian, as they called the Queen. The unfortunate Princess appeared on her balcony, with one of her children in each hand. A voice from below cried out, 'No children,' as if on purpose to deprive the mother of that appeal to humanity which might move the hardest heart. Marie Antoinette, with a force of mind worthy Maria Theresa, her mother, pushed her children back into the room, and turning her face to the tumultuous multitude, which tossed and roared beneath, brandishing their pikes and guns with the wildest attitudes of rage, the reviled, persecuted, and denounced Queen stood before them, her arms folded on her bosom, with a noble air of courageous resolution."

Note 6. p. 94.

"Speaks in the storm, and travels on the wind."

"Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."



P O E M S.

—
ACCIPERE; SED FACILIS.
—



MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

MORNING.

THE Sun is seated on his ocean throne
Engirdled with his court of clouds. Around,
Billows of damask and of orange light
Evolving roll, as from a cauldron heaved !
While, from the midst, red bars of splendour shoot,
Careering fiercely to the midway skies ;
There cowered awhile, they swell to wizard shapes,
Advance, and like battalions in array,
Mingle their hues, and make a ghastly plain
Of crimson on the skies !

Beneath, the waves
Shiv'ring and gleamy lie, like ruffled scales
Of liquid steel :—and lo ! awaking now
With the white dews of slumber on her breast,
The Earth !—all fragrant, fresh in living green,
And beautiful,—as if this moment sprung
From out her Maker's hand ! Athwart the trees
A brassy lustre shines ; where matin beads,
Like drops of light, have diamonded the boughs ;
And here and there, some crisp'd and thready stream,
Lit by a peeping ray, laughs through the leaves !

The flowers are waking too, and ope their eyes
To greet the prying sun, while meads and dales,
With hoary incense steam :—and list !

The buzz of life!—Myriads of insects now
Creep from their green-wood caves, and mossy domes,
And wind their way, to glitter in the sun ;
And oh ! how merrily the birds arise,
And tire their warbling throats in votive songs ;
While from yon hurdled hills the sheep-bells shake
Adown the bushy dale, their tinkling tones.

And is creation's heir in sleepy calm,
Unmindful of the morn'—Ah ! no ; its beam
Hath glanc'd upon the cottager's clean couch,
And call'd him up ! And see !—the lattice oped,
He spies along the landscape's glitt'ring view,
And looks to heaven, and feels the toying breeze
Upheave his locks ; and then a holy thrill

Runs through his breast ;—instinctively he owns
The presence of a God, and breathes his heart
To Him, upon a sigh of artless love
And praise, because another Day is born !

NOON.

The Sun hath wax'd into his noontide wrath,
And 'fore his countenance the Earth lies scorch'd,
In agonies of heat ! The winds are dead !
The shallow lakes are film'd, and fetid pools
Bubble upon the parched ground ; while flies,
And insects, on the tumors of hot mud,
Basking and buzzing creep. The trees stand still
Amid the air, and at their matted trunks

The ploughman lies, his head upon his palms,
While 'tween the spangled leaves, the sheen of
 heaven
Gleams on him beauteously. The flowers are
 droop'd,
As if they panted for a breezy draught ;
And e'en the flirting bee, now honey-cloy'd,
Is humming languid on the rose's brim !
The world grows faint ; and all is stirless, save
Yon sky-bird trav'ling to the sun ; and hark !
Wing-poised, he peers undazzled at the blaze,
Hymning his heart-full of aërial strains.

Beneath this berried cliff, behold the sea
Magnificently spread !—The billows pant,

And revel in the beams, that on their shoal
Of glassy crests dance sparkingly ; or wild
Disporting wreath the ocean's breast,
And gambol to the shore ;—like children, when
Upon a glossy meadow bank they leap,
And roll in gay contortions !

Far beyond

Behold ! a rock majestically reared ;
Upon whose brow the eagle sits at noon,
Rolling his eye-balls at the raging sun !
High on the yellow beach its hoary side
Is bared unto the ocean, and the breeze
Upwafted,—like a tight and stately sail,
When whitening in the glow of heaven ! And, look !

The feath'ry forms of far-off sails are seen,
Alone upon the billows!—or as clouds
Dropp'd down upon the deep, and dancing on
The swell of waters!

* * * * *

NIGHT.

ANOTHER day is added to the mass
Of buried ages.—Lo! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure fields of heaven. And, oh! how charm'd
Beneath her loveliness, creation looks!
Far-gleaming hills, and light-inweaving streams,
And drooping boughs with dewy lustre cloth'd,

And green-hair'd valleys,—all in glory dress'd,
Make up the pageantries of Night! One glance
Upon old Ocean, where, the netted beams
Have braided her dark billows!—calmly now,
Her myriad wings are folded up to rest;
Till once again the wizard winds shall yell,
And tear them into strife!

A lone owl's hoot—

The waterfall's faint drip,—or insect stir
Among the emerald leaves—or infant wind
Rifling the pearly lips of sleeping flowers,—
Alone disturb the stillness of the scene.

Spirit of All!—as up yon star-hung deep
Of air, the eye and heart together mount,

Man's immortality within him stirs !
And Thou art all around !—Thy beauty walks
In airy music o'er the midnight heavens ;
Thy glory's shadow'd on the slumb'ring world !

MARIUS*.

UPON the silent shore great Marius sat,
Deserted and alone:—his harass'd eye
Cast sullenly athwart the crested waves ;
Where rode the traitor's bark. How fallen now,
Since that proud day when triumph fired his eye,
And Rome beheld her val'rous saviour there !
His thoughts went back to brighter days. He
thought
Of that high morn, when, fronting Scipio's view,

* See Plutarch's Life of Marius.

With firm-paced step, and unretreating arm,
He dash'd the foe, and dragg'd him in the dust!
Of Rome's acclaim, when, thron'd upon his car,
Jugurtha's fetters clanking on his ear,—
He moved triumphant, 'mid the banner'd throng
That hail'd his Afrique conquests!—Prouder still
His mem'ry hover'd round the laurell'd pile
Heap'd from the spoil'd Ambrones;—torch in hand,
And purple clad, as vet'rans round him stood,
He wav'd and whirl'd the blazing light to heaven,
While shields, and clashing spears, rang martial
joy!—

He thought of these, and then Despair awoke,
And delv'd a frown upon his war-worn brow,
That bent with recollections.

Thus Marius sat, and mused before the sea,
Till, bursting from his shroud of grief and thought,
O'er bogs and wilds, dejectedly he roam'd
To shelter from his foes. Unto the fens,
Where deaden'd waters gleam'd, and rank reeds grew,
With wild and weary step, the wand'rer came;
And found Compassion in a cotter's hut:
Rous'd thence, he couch'd within a narrow cave,
Beside the river,—there was Marius ta'en,
And naked dragg'd unto Minturnæ's walls.

Within a cell, whose dungeon walls shed round
A dreadful gloom, the imprison'd warrior lay;
Dark, fierce, and frowning—dubious of his fate,
Like a chain'd eagle glaring at the skies!—

The door burst open, and with clatt'ring teeth,
And hand that trembled like a dizzy flame,
Stalk'd in a savage Gaul : but ere he sheath'd
His gleaming dagger in the Roman's breast,
From his fierce eyes there flash'd a living flame,
Like lightning from a cloud !—Th' assassin shook,
And reel'd, and shrunk affrighted from those eyes,
Whose flashes fell, like wizard darts of fire,
Upon his coward face ! Then Marius rose,
And with a voice of thunder, dread and deep,
Cried,—“ Dar'st thou do the deed ?”

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh ! Beauty is the master-charm,

The syren of the soul ;

Whose magic zone encompasseth

Creation with control !

The love and light of human kind,

The foster-flame of every mind.

'Twas Beauty hung the blue-robed heavens !

She glitters in each star ;

Or trippeth on the twilight breeze,

In melody afar !

She danceth on the dimpled stream,

And gambols in the ripple's gleam !

She couches on the coral wave,
 And garlandeth the sea ;
And weaves a music in the wind
 That murmurs from the lea ;
She paints the clouds, and points the ray,
And basketh in the blush of day !

She sits among the spangled trees,
 And streaks the bud and flower ;
She dims the air, and drops the dew
 Upon the glade and bower !
'Tis she unwreathes the wings of night,
And cradles Nature in delight.

And woman!—Beauty was the power,
That, with angelic grace,
Breath'd love around her glowing form,
And magic in her face!
She crisp'd the silky-flashing hair,
And framed her throne her forehead fair!

She arm'd her liquid-rolling eye
With fairy darts of fire,
She wreath'd the lip of luscious hue,
And bade its breath inspire!
She shaped her for her queenly shrine,
And made her like herself—divine!

Oh ! Beauty is the master-charm,

The syren of the soul ;

Whose magic zone encompasseth

Creation with control !

The love and light of human kind,

The foster-flame of every mind.

THE DREADFUL PRAYER*.

No priestly prayer avail'd !—gaunt Famine stalk'd
Through Cairo's streets by day and night, and suck'd
The life-blood from her hungry thousands there ;
From wall to wall, from house to house, were heard
The gasping yells of famish'd men, and wails
Of mothers, with dead infants at their breasts,
Whose baked lips, and eyelids curling up
Like wither'd violet-leaves, and fleshless hands,
Seem'd blasted by the pest of Famine's touch !

* See Anastasius, vol. ii. p. 101.

Some gnaw'd their nails in agony—some groan'd,
And work'd their eye-balls with a horrid glare,
Rooted their tresses, and expired!—And here,
Some parch'd-up forms, with bony cheek and beamless
stare,

Did stagger out, and choke themselves with cries
For death!—while others, 'neath funereal palls,
Moved slowly on, like sable thunder-clouds,
Then sat, and howl'd upon the new-dug graves!—
So deadlike looked the bloodless shapes around,
That Cairo seem'd a charnel-house revived,
Whose dregs were crawling into life again!

In vain the priests exhaled their souls to heaven
In agonizing prayers!—no Mercy smiled
An answer to their vows! Still Famine swept

Her thousands into dust !—still every wind
Wing'd to the skies the howlings of despair !
At length, unspotted babes, whose milk-white robes
Gleam'd pure as dove-wings in the radiant air,
By Imans led, climb'd up the min'ret spires,
To sue a pestilence,—the famine's cure !
There, on the gilded peaks, their hands were raised,
In adoration clasped—as if instinct with prayer !
And while their cherub mouths in lisping tones
Besought the plague, the pale-eyed crowd below,
Stirr'd like a waking wind upon the deep,
Moved their lean'lips, and mutter'd—“ Let it be !”

Heaven heard the prayer !—a Pestilence came down,
And made an atmosphere of death ! Men dropp'd
Into corruption, thick as wintry blights

Upon the blacken'd bushes. Hill and dale,
Hamlet and city, groan'd with ghastly piles
Of green-eyed dead : the houses turned to tombs,
And they who roam'd the desert's dewless wilds
Were plague-smit by the way, and moulder'd there,
Like scathed branches from a forest tree !—
And thus was Cairo curs'd, till by the dead
The plague itself corrupted, died away.

STANZAS.

Who hath not watch'd the heaven of eve,
When round the horizon seems to weave
A sea of clouds, whose bosoms heave

In floating beauty there?

Those lovely phantoms, how they glide
In all their calm and airy pride,
Moved by the breath of eventide,

Along the dew-lipp'd flowers !

Some, crimson-wove, voluptuous sail,
Some, girdled with a ruby veil,
And others, beaming brightly-pale,
As beauty's radiant brow.

And so smiles now this rose-wreath'd room,
Where float along in braid and plume,
All blushing with their virgin bloom,
The maidens of the night.

Lo! yonder trips a blue-eyed troop,
Who bend their glowing heads, and droop,
As graceful as a lily group
All languid with perfume!

Then, why, amid this heaven of joy,
Should dreams of darkening woe annoy,
Or thoughts of deathly gloom destroy
The elysium of the hour?

Alas! the scene will swiftly fade,
The music cease, depart the maid,
And cold-eyed Day the room invade,
With uncongenial smile;

Some hearts will pine, and some will weep,
And many in the grave will sleep,
And every eye shall sorrow steep,
Ere we unite again!

Yes! many a shape of love and light,
Whose eyes are glitt'ring with delight,
Like starry dreams that visit night,
Shall wither into clay!

STARLIGHT ON MARATHON.

No vesper breeze is floating now,
 No murmurs shake the air ;
A gloom hath veil'd the mountain's brow,
 And quietude is there ;
The night-beads on the dew-white grass
Drop brilliant as my footsteps pass.

No hum of life disturbs the scene,
 The clouds are roll'd to rest ;
'Tis like a calm, where grief hath been,
 So welcome to the breast !—
The warring tones of day have gone,
And starlight gleams on Marathon.

I look around from earth to sky,
 And gaze from star to star ;
Till Grecian hosts seem gliding by,
 Triumphant from the war !
Like sleepless spirits from the dead,
Revisiting where once they bled !

What, though the mounds that mark'd each name,
 Beneath the wings of Time
Have worn away,—their's is the fame,
 Immortal and sublime !
For who can tread on Freedom's plain,
Nor wake her dead to life again ?

Oh, to have seen the marching bands,
And heard the battle-clash,
Have seen their weapon-clenching hands,
And eyes' defiant flash,—
Their radiant shields and dancing crests,
And corselets on their swelling breasts!

Then said the mother to her son,
And pointed to his shield,
“Come *with* it when the battle's done,
Or *on* it—from the field!”—
Then mute she glanced her fierce-bright eye,
That spoke of ages vanish'd by!

'Twas here they fought!—and martial peals

Once thunder'd o'er the ground,

And gash and wound from plunging steels

Bedew'd the battle mound ;

Here Grecians trod the Persian dead,

And Freedom shouted while she bled !

But gone the day of Freedom's sword,

And cold the patriot brave,

Who mow'd the dastard-minded horde

Unto a gory grave !

While Greece arose sublimely free,

And dauntless as her own dark sea !

Still, Starlight sheds the same pale beam

For aye upon the plain ;

And musing breasts might fondly dream

The Grecian free again !

For empires fall, and Freedom dies,

But dimless Beauty robes the skies.

May He whose glory gems the sky,

God of the slave and free !

Hear every patriot's burning sigh

That's offered here for thee—

For thee, sad Greece ! and every son

That braves a Turk on Marathon.

STANZAS.

O! REST thee in thy green-turf grave,

There is no sorrow there!

For tomb'd within, the wretched have

A freedom from despair.

No more shall come the hour of woe,

'Nor Hope's delusive light;

Untroubled is thy sleep below,

Upon the bed of night!

The dews of anguish damp'd thy brow,

Thine was the wither'd heart,—

No stormy woes can scare thee now,

So dreamless as thou art!

Then rest thee in thy desert tomb,

Beneath the dewy sod;

Till Mercy shall unshroud the gloom,

And summon thee to God!

A DAUGHTER'S APOSTROPHE TO A
DEPARTED MOTHER.

If gentle spirits, wing'd away
To their seraphic sphere,
May hear Affection fondly pray,
Or mark a mourner's tear,—

Pure spirit!—floating realms of love,
Beyond this earthly wild,
Shed down sweet influence from above,
To bless thine orphan child.

As oft at pensive eve I roam,
Thine image visits me ;
While Fancy paints the happy home,
Once so adorn'd by thee !

The smile that rambled o'er thy cheek,
And shamed the pang of art—
The mellow tones I heard thee speak,
Still linger round my heart !

That glowing welcome of thine eye,
The fondness in thy fear ;
The meek-borne anguish in thy sigh,
The pity in thy tear ;

The mild reluctance in that frown
That won me ere it changed ;
The glance that charm'd my spirit down,
When giddily it ranged.

Those lips that lull'd each maiden woe,
And bade the smile to play ;
Nor left the burning tears to flow,
But kiss'd them all away !

Yes !—these, and all thy sweeter love,
Shed round my childhood's hour,
Oft bear me to yon home above,—
To thine elysian bower.

Oh ! if thóu hear my orphan prayer,

And faithful fondness see ;

Thou know'st I sigh to enter there,

And be at rest with thee !

CÆSAR ON THE BANKS OF THE
RUBICON.

AMID the roar of revelry

Within th' Alesian dome,

He moved, with glad, but musing eye,—

The vanquisher of Rome !

His spirit mingled with the gay,

And flash'd the gloom of war away !

And there he joyed, till darkling Night

Threw round her dewy veil,

And mist wreath'd round each Alpine height

That beetled o'er the dale ;

Then Cæsar rose, his bosom fraught

With incommunicable thought.

And swiftly sped the hero on,
 Along his shadowy road ;
And reach'd where roll'd the Rubicon,
 That from the mountains flow'd ;
And there his giant thought's control
Chain'd down a dauntless Cæsar's soul !—

Before him, heav'd the river-bound
 Between great Rome and Gaul ;
If cross'd—what trumpet-clangs would sound !
 How many a foeman fall !
The vision'd Future, wild with woes,
Before him, like a spectre, rose !

He thought of battle, war, and blood,
Of plunder'd cities' storm ;
The ready daggers of the good
Against a tyrant's form !
On all the mountain-perils thrown,
'Tween Rome and triumph,—for his own !

Of what the unborn Times would say,
At Rubicon's grand name,
Of him who track'd with blood his way,
And with it built his fame !
Would he not seem a demon then,
Who ravish'd all the rights of men ?

And thus the mighty Cæsar stood,

And battled with his mind ;

Then gazed upon the fatal flood,

And dash'd his doubts behind !

Like a bent bow, his pride return'd,

And all the Roman in him burn'd !

“ The die is cast !—the die is cast !”

With reckless fire he cried ;

Then swift the Rubicon he pass'd,

And reach'd the Roman side ;

Ere day had dawn'd, he drew the sword,

And Ariminum hail'd him lord !

THE DEATH OF CORINNE.

ALL pale, and pillow'd on a chair, she lay,—
The beautiful, the passionate Corinné !
The beamy language of her eyes no more
Darted around such eloquence of soul,
As when, amid the crowd, her feelings flash'd
From out their burning balls !—while she herself
Was living poetry ! Deep pensiveness,
And intense looks, that tell the blighted heart,
Effus'd a dreamy languor round her form !

Ere yet her spirit breath'd itself to heaven,
She sat, to gaze upon the shrouded Moon,

Riding the mellow skies :—Athwart her face
Floated that fatal cloud !—the same she'd seen
When Melville woo'd her by the winding shore :
On him, enamour'd kneeling at her feet,
She look'd—and in one look condens'd
The buried anguish of a broken heart !
Her white lips feebly parted, then clung to,
For ever !—Gazing then upon the sky,
She faintly beckon'd to the gleaming moon,
While down her neck her streamy ringlets fell,
Like threaded sunbeams on a pallid cloud !—

And now a change came on ; the blood sunk back
Beneath her radiant cheek, her eye-lids mov'd
Like melting snow-flakes from the noon-tide glow,

And all her beauty quite empyreal turn'd,

As if refining, ere it went to heaven !

Her hand fell downward with her farewell sigh—

Her spirit had departed !

THE PAINS OF GENIUS.

ENVY not the Poet's name,
Darken not his dawn of fame ;
'Tis the guerdon of a mind
'Bove the thralls of earthly kind ;
'Tis the haven for a soul
Where the storms of genius roll !
It often lights him to his doom—
A halo round an early tomb !

The whirling brain, and heated brow,
Ideas that torture while they grow ;

The soaring fancy over-fraught,
The burning agonies of thought ;
The sleepless eye, and racking head,
The airy terrors round him spread :
Or freezing smile of Apathy,
Or scowl of green-eyed Jealousy ;
Or haggard Want, whose lean hands wave
Unto a cold uncover'd grave,—
Oh ! these must win a Poet's name,
Then, darken not his dawn of fame.

THE TRANCE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

—I TOOK one faint and lingering look,
And then, all vanish'd in the sickly light
That swam around the bed ; all seem'd to melt
To shadowy indistinctness—like far hills
From those who ride upon the ocean's back :
A dreamy giddiness dissolv'd my brain ;
Mine eye-balls sunk, and coldly press'd like lead ;
While creeping chills bedew'd my pallid form,
That flinch'd, as if it shudder'd at itself,
Or would condense, like water ere it freeze !

My life-fount curdled into clotted blood,—
Then, cold and nerveless lay each marbled limb,
And dotted with the mystic dews of death.

Sightless, and breathless, thus entranc'd I lay;
Though motionless, with feeling so acute,
As if it doubled, to make up for sight:
And like a solitary cloud, I seem'd
Self-balanc'd in a universe of gloom!

And, oh! how sad it was to hear and feel
Fond friends around me, dreaming death had shut
All sense of life;—to feel their living lips
Impress'd upon my gelid ones;—to hear
Their heart-swell'd groans, and choking sobs and sighs,
While gazing on my bloodless form!

Oft too,

When midnight-bells had toll'd the world to sleep,

A young, but unforgetting sister; came

To meditate, and sorrow o'er my doom :

I kenn'd her feath'ry steps, as on they stole,

Like twilight o'er the flowers. And when she took

My stony fingers in her life-warm hand,

And kiss'd my smooth-strain'd brow, and talk'd so

sweet,

And lisp'd her mournful love;—how horrible,

That language could not ease the burden'd mind !

Two days departed ; then the flaky shroud

Enwrapp'd me in its folds, that rustled round,

Like rump'd waters : last, the coffin came,

And well I knew, as with a solemn step

And trembling hand, they stretch'd my moveless
frame,

Envelop'd in its fun'ral vest. More drear
Than all, was that long, sad, and silent hour,
When, one by one, the speechless mourners took
Their last and ling'ring glance ! I felt their sighs,
And tears that burn'd my cheek—but I was still !

And, oh ! most horrible !—I heard the screws
Crush through the wood, and seal my coffin-lid ;
And then the rattling hearse—the grave-side prayers—
The thick and careless clods that patter'd down
Upon my bier, till bedded with the dust !
And then——

VIVE L'EMPEREUR*!

By Wilid's banks the rushing river swept
Like a careering whirlwind! white with foam,
And plunging on in many a gurgled roar
Of furious rage. So fiercely flies the steed,

* The river Wilid being swollen with rain, and the bridges destroyed, the emperor (Napoleon) commanded a body of Polish cavalry to cross by swimming: they did not hesitate to dash into the river; but ere they reached the middle of the stream, an irresistible torrent broke their ranks, and they were lost almost to a man, before the eyes of Napoleon, to whom some of them, in the last struggle, turned their faces, exclaiming, "VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"—*Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Life of Napoleon.*

Unmanacled, that with his upshot ears,
And limbs vein-swelling with their wrathful glow,
Undaunted gallops over hill and dale,
His mane dishevell'd, and his eyes on fire!
Each massy bridge was ruin'd, and afar
The giddy wrecks were battling with the flood,
Till whirl'd below.—'Twas then Napoleon came
With his embattled hosts. That wond'rous man,
Whose daring spirit, with volcanic rage,
Breathed flame and ruin on the affrighted world!
His eye could span the universe!—his soul
Had fire enough to vanquish all! In vain
Wild Nature barr'd his progress with her piles
Tiated by the clouds! In vain the rocks
Uprear'd their ice-hair'd heads to block his path,

Or hurl'd their torrents at him! With a glance,
Fierce as the eagle's, when his piercing eye
Gleams through the darkening air,—he look'd beyond
Them all! Nature and he were giants twin,
And her impediments but forc'd the flames
Of genius from his soul; as thunder-clouds,
Together clash'd, dart forth their lightning gleams!

Upon the howling flood he cast a glance,
Such as the tiger darts, ere on his prey
He springs, to gnash it in his rav'nous fangs!
Then fiercely cried,—“On! on! my valiant Poles!”
They answer'd not—but with a clanging stir
Goaded their pawing battle-steeds, and plunged
Amid the torrent's rush. Like loosen'd crags

Down dashing on the sea, the warriors sank,
Emburi'd in the stream ; then buoy'd again,
And panting, cleav'd their roaring track ! Beneath
Their gallant burdens, bravely paw'd the steeds,
With blowing nostrils, and red-rolling eyes,
And many a furious snort : against their breasts
The cloven waters foam'd, and flash'd behind
Their darting hoofs ; and roar'd, and raged around
The dripping ranks, like a disturbed den
Of lions in the wood !—But vain the rush !
Midway the maddening torrent overwhelm'd
The struggling files ; like a tremendous blast
Among autumnal leaves, it scatter'd all !
Rank after rank was buried in the flood,
Upon their panting steeds ; while round their sinking
heads

The waters yell'd, like victors o'er their foes!
But in that gasp—while yet their spirits hung
'Tween life and death, as feathers in the air—
They turn'd their heads, and with triumphant shrieks
Of valour, wildly sounded,—“VIVE L'EMPEREUR!”

He heard their death-cries rolling on the blast!
And, like a lake, just rippled into life,
His features flutter'd with terrific throes
Of agony! And then, he gnash'd his teeth,
And dug his nails into his palms, and heav'd
His breast, and glanced his eyes, and groan'd for
words!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

STAR of the East ! Thou God and Man immixt !
Thou that didst bask in thine elysian bowers
Of sempiternal light, before the world
Rol'd fresh and glitt'ring from Almighty hands !—
The fire-wing'd choristers who harp on high,
Alone can sing the sorrows of Thy love ;
Of love, that snatch'd a universe from hell,
And burst the starry gates of heaven !

Lo ! in yon pillar'd hall, amid the hum
Of fierce-tongued soldiers, see the Saviour stand,

All quiv'ring from the scourge : around they ramp,
And tear His lowly dress with tiger hands,
Then robe Him in an azure vest, and crown
His Godlike temples with entwined thorns ;
And last, as from His pierc'd and flesh-torn brow
The heavy blood-drops ooze, with impious jeer
They place the sceptre reed within His hand,
And kneel and bow, and smite His awful head,
And spit upon His grief-worn face,—and cry,
“ HAIL, MONARCH OF THE JEWS !”

That mock'ry's-o'er !

And now, to crucifixion see Him led,—
His cross in front by some Cyrenian borne.
O, never yet was such an altar rear'd !

O, never yet was such an offering slain!
His agony is dumb; they scoff, and taunt,
And grind their murd'rous teeth,—but not a throe
Of wrath can wrinkle His celestial calm!
Forgiveness is His prayer! The undying souls
Of those long swallow'd in the eternal gulph—
And they that are, and they that shall be born
To battle with the flesh,—the throne of God,
And all the bright-wing'd choirs, whose harps shall
 sound
“ SALVATION!” through the star-roof'd halls of
 heaven,
To welcome back the Heir of Glory,—these
Are playing round His heart; and deadly pangs
Force no resentful frown.

At Golgotha

Behold the blessed Christ! Upon the cross,
Upon the cross, His holy limbs are stretch'd!
And every nerve and vein is rack'd and wrench'd,
In agonies unspeakable!—and look!
Where through His palms the hammer'd nails have
 pierced,
And through His bare and unresisting feet,
The red wounds gape and spout! Stupendous
 scene
Of awful pain!—the martyr'd SON OF GOD,
Uprear'd upon the Cross, to save the world!
Approach! and gaze! and wonder till ye weep!—
Convulsive lines of torture grave his face,
And flutter o'er His breast!—The veins unroll

In loose and languid stretch, and from his brow
The lukewarm life-stream trickles slowly down,
And clots beneath his feet ! His head is bent
Blood-matted o'er His shoulder, while His eyes
Dim-grown and hollow with the rack, look meek
Upon His butchers round the cross, who howl,
And o'er His quarter'd garment cast their lots.

And, lo ! with eye upturn'd, in voiceless woe,
His virgin mother !—all a mother's pangs
Of pity for her tortured son upheave
Her bosom, and convulse her bloodless cheek !
Nor can the deadly riot of His pains
Chill the warm current of His filial love :
Adown, with tender gaze of truth, He looks,

And to the bosom-partner of His toils
Confides the weeping Mary,—to a Son!

And,—sad, but ignominious sight!—two thieves
In bloody fellowship with CHRIST are hung:—
One turns around, with sidelong glance of scorn
To rail, and mutters from his parched throat
A hideous jeer. The other, meek and faint,
Dejected cries, “O, CHRIST! remember me
When Thou art in the palace of Thy love!”
Divine and glorious answer!—“Ere the day
Shall die, in Paradise with Me thou’lt walk.”

But, see, the Sun hath sunk in clouds away,
As if aghast! A pall of darkness veils

The land of Palestine ;—a stilly gloom
More dreadful than the deepest night. The hills
Grow dim ; the rivers roll, as if in wrath !
And men, with quailing limbs and dropping lips
Come forth, and stare, tongue-tied, upon the skies !
And hark !—from off the Cross, is loudly heard
In piercing tones of Death — “ MY GOD ! MY
GOD !—
OH, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME ? ”—Again—
“ MY GOD ! MY GOD ! OH ! WHY DOST THOU FOR-
SAKE ! ”
'Tis o'er !—the blood-red eye is film'd, and shut
Within its socket ;—'gainst His weary breast
The last heart-pulse hath beat ; and now, behold !
With waxen limbs, and gore-wreath'd locks, and lips

With sweet compassion printed on their curve,
The CHRIST,—a Sacrifice for lost mankind!

O! never since the infant beam of Time
Glanced on the new-born world, was such an hour!
The Temple's veil was rent in awful proof;
The Sun of Israel set; the Eternal curse
Was blotted out with holy blood!—Earth quail'd,
As though some Spirit of the skies had come
To heave her huge foundations! Every rock
And mountain shook, while o'er the muttering deep
The dismal waters coil'd,—as if they fear'd!
And last, the graves unlock'd themselves, and
shades
Stalk'd out, and glided through the quaking town,

And floated by the living, like faint gleams
Of fairy moonlight o'er a pallid wall!

Hell heard, and shudder'd as it heard the wail
And dying words of Christ!—while Satan howl'd,
And gnash'd his teeth amid the furnace glow
Of everlasting fires, to know his wrath
Should ne'er be glutted on the world!—that Heaven
Was won, and to rebellious man unbarr'd!
Unbarr'd!—oh! if Imagination may
Plume her young wing, and wander, faith-borne,

THERE,—

A peal more joyous than the choral stars'
Upon the birth-day of created worlds,
Re-echoed round her domes; while all

The countless seraphs wreath'd their dazzling wings
In awe, before the lightning-shrouded throne
Of The Invisible! then woke their harps
To melodies divine, and hail'd the LAMB
Triumphant from His Martyrdom below!

Great LORD of Love and Light! that now art
throned

Amid the unimagi'd halls above,
Oh, speed! oh, speed! the universal day
Of Peace and Truth; roll on the flood of time,
And waft Thy message to the farthest isle
Beneath Thy Sun!—Speak Thou! and light will
flash

Upon the prison'd Soul, as erst it did

From its primeval fount, on Nature's gloom !
O ! then, no more will martyr-widows drop
Their flaming limbs upon the funeral pile ;
Nor foaming victims with delirious yells
Be crush'd by cars, or ripp'd with steel !—But
Truth,
In her celestial beauty, shall appeal,
And banish dreadful Superstition's deeds ;
Till every heart and eye, and voice and hand,
Shall worship Thee ; and every land and isle
Become Thy flock, and every Soul be saved !

Two thousand years have swiftly travell'd down
The gulph of time, since on the glorious Cross,
Divinest Martyr, Thou wert nail'd !—The World,

With all its pageantry and pride, is moving on ;
Men smile and struggle,—labour, sin, and die,
As if Thy blood had never blotted out
The crimes of earth ; as if at last, Thy might
And majesty should not appear. Still, Thou
Hast said ! and Thou wilt visit earth again !
But not the homeless orphan of the world,
To wander on in pain and woe,—and weep and starve,
And perish on the tree ;—but, on Thy car
Of lightning, rolling from th' unfathom'd depths
Of Heaven !—while Spirits, robed in light,
Brandish their glittering banners o'er Thy throne,
And all the clouds, like burning billows, flash,
And bound beneath Thy feet !—The trump shall peal
That dead-awakening blast, more full and deep

Than thunder in its maddest roar !—The Sea
Shall yawn, and all her buried hosts arise,
The graves burst open, and the dust unite
Into a living form !—and then shall come
THE JUDGMENT, AND THE EVERLASTING DOOM !

LONDON BY MIDNIGHT:

THE fret and fever of the day are o'er,
And London slumbers, but with murmurs faint,
Like Ocean, when she folds her waves to sleep :
'Tis the pure hour for poetry and thought ;
When passions sink, and man surveys the heavens,
And feels himself immortal !

O'er all a sad sublimity is spread,—
The witchery of night ; amid the air,

Darkly and drear, the spiry steeples rise,
Like shadows of the Past ! The houses lie
In dismal clusters, moveless as in sleep !
And, towering far above the rest, yon dome*
Uprears, as if self-balanc'd in the gloom ;
A spectre cowering o'er the dusky piles !

And, see ! I stand on ground, whose glorious
name

Might turn a coward brave ; on thy huge bridge,
Triumphant Waterloo ! Above, how calm !
There moon and star commingling radiance shed,
Bathing the skies in beauty. Smooth and pale
The pearly-bosom'd clouds recline, enlink'd,

* St. Paul's.

Like wave-festoons upon the windless deep.
Below, the Thames outspread! serene and dim;
And, as I gaze, a cooling breath comes up,
And melts upon my brow :—like the worn heart
When stormy cares have slept, the river seems,
Peaceful and still, save when a wind-sigh stirs
The livid lustre of its breast; like dreams,
That quiver on the marble face of sleep!

Along each side the darkling mansions frown
Funereal in their gloom. Afar, and faint,
The bridge-lamps glimmer o'er the tranquil stream,
As if enchain'd upon the air: beneath
Are thrown out quiv'ring columns of red light;
And, here and there, a tower and shadowy spire

Are imaged on the water; sad and shrunk,
Like flower-leaves wither'd by the summer blaze.

Yonder, in dim magnificence, behold
The many-window'd pile!* apart and proud,
In gloomy grandeur, like a lofty mind,
Unmingling with the baser crowd. One half
Is clothed with moonlight's mellowing hue,
While 'neath a darkness dwells, whence portals yawn
In cavern-gloom upon the drowsy tide,
Like tombs unbarr'd!

But, hark! from yonder dome
The Day is toll'd into Eternity!

* Somerset House.

How hollow, dread, and dismal is the peal,
Now rolling up its vast account to Heaven!
Awhile it undulates, then dies away
In muttered echoes, like the ebbing groans
Of drowning men: and, see! the toiling moon
Is in a fane of clouds, and I am lone,
Unseen, but by the sleepless One! Oh, God!
I FEEL Thine eye upon me, and I shrink
Awe-smote beneath its gaze, like melting snow
Beneath Thy sun!

How noiseless are the streets!—a few hours gone,
And all was fierce commotion: car and hoof,
And bick'ring wheel, and crackling stone, and throats
Outpouring volumes at a bawl—were here,

Immingled in the stir of life ; but now,
A deadness mantles round the midnight scene,
Save, when a distant drowsy watch-call breaks
Intrusive on the calm ; or rapid cars,
That roll them into silence. Beauteous look
The train of houses, yellow'd by the moon !
Whose tile-roofs slanting down amid the light,
Gleam like an azure track of waveless sea !

But, who was she, that floated gaily by,
Like April's fresh-wing'd breeze ?—alas ! alas !
Let nights of laughing agony, and crimes
That burn in tortures on the tainted heart,
Let sated passion, and the fever'd frame—
Oh ! these betray the orphan of the night !

As on her guilt-worn face, the lamp-beam fell,
Reluctantly, methought her eye reveal'd
The curse of mis'ry—gladness in disguise.

The squares—how haughtily reposed they stand
At this deep hour, with massy sides erect
Of stately piles; where windows broad and bright,
Like molten mirrors shine; and freckled walls
Are steep'd in light, that sleeps in blue repose.
Beneath, amid the laurel leaves that shake
Upon the dropping boughs, the lamp-rays flit
In twinkling playfulness, like infant eyes.

Once more upon the sailing moon, ere yet,
Cloud-shaded, she withdraw,—let's pause and look :

There as we gaze, what undefined awe,
What thoughts ethereal warm the mellowed heart !
On her pale face we seem to write and read
The mind's quick fancies ; all the Past awakes,
Amid her sweet creations, till the fount
Of Sympathy unlocks ; and then, a tear
Will steal in brightly on the manliest eye ;
A sacred tear, pure welling from the soul !

The Past !—Oh ! who on London stones can tread,
Nor shadow forth the spirits that have been ?
An atmosphere of genius genders here
Remembrance of the past !—the storied nurse,
The ancient mother of the mighty, Thou,
Unrivall'd London ! Sages, poets, kings,

Warriors, patriots, and philosophers,—all
They whose world-illuming minds, like quenchless stars,
Burn through the wreck of ages,—triumph'd here,
Or ravish'd hence a beam of Fame!—And now
Imagination cites these mighty dead
Before me, in their airy robes of death!

And who shall paint the midnight scenes of life
In this vast city? Some are lapp'd in sleep,
And blest in dreams, whose day-life was a curse!
Some, heart-rack'd roll upon the feverish couch,
And rub their aching eyelids for repose;
And, oh! perchance, in some infectious cell,
Unaided, hopeless, hapless, and alone,
The famish'd wand'rer dies!—no voice to sound

Sweet comfort to his heart—no hand to smooth
His bed of death,—no holy eye to beam
Compassion, ere the flutt'ring spirit flee !

To him, whose life is but one varied hour
Of empty joy, how thankless ends the day !
In yonder mansion, where the taper-gleams
Braid with a dizzy light the moonlit-street,
Behold the reveller now ! The languid dance,
The music and the mirth,—the vapid smiles
Of hollow hearts,—the lie-tipp'd tongues, and eyes
That shot a bright contagion,—all are gone,
And Folly bears the burden of her thoughts !

Turn to a nobler victim of the night ;
Where yonder casement darts a dismal gleam

Upon the breezeless air,—aloft and lone,
The unregarded wreck of Genius toils,
With burning brain, and dewy brow :—The day
Hath gone to rest,—but Slumber visits not
His sunken eyes!—The gnawing fires of thought
Have fed upon his youthful cheek, and parch'd
His tongue, and drawn the life-stream from his lip,—
The lightnings of the soul have scath'd his frame !
But Fame stands beckoning—and he battles on
Through want and woe, until he win the goal ;
A welcome one, though Death should drag him there !

He drops upon his couch, while round him float
In visionary throngs the witching forms
That beautified the night :—and where are they ?

At home ;—heart-sicken'd, restless as their dreams,
And glad that Time has clutch'd another day.

But, hark ! again the heavy bell has rolled
Its doleful thunder through the skies :—the stars
Grow pale, the moon seems weary of her course ;
And morn begins to blossom in the east :—
Then, let me home ! and heaven protect my thoughts !



THE END.

ERRATUM.

In the hurry of printing the last sheet, a transposition of a few lines occurs:—the paragraph in page 195, commencing with

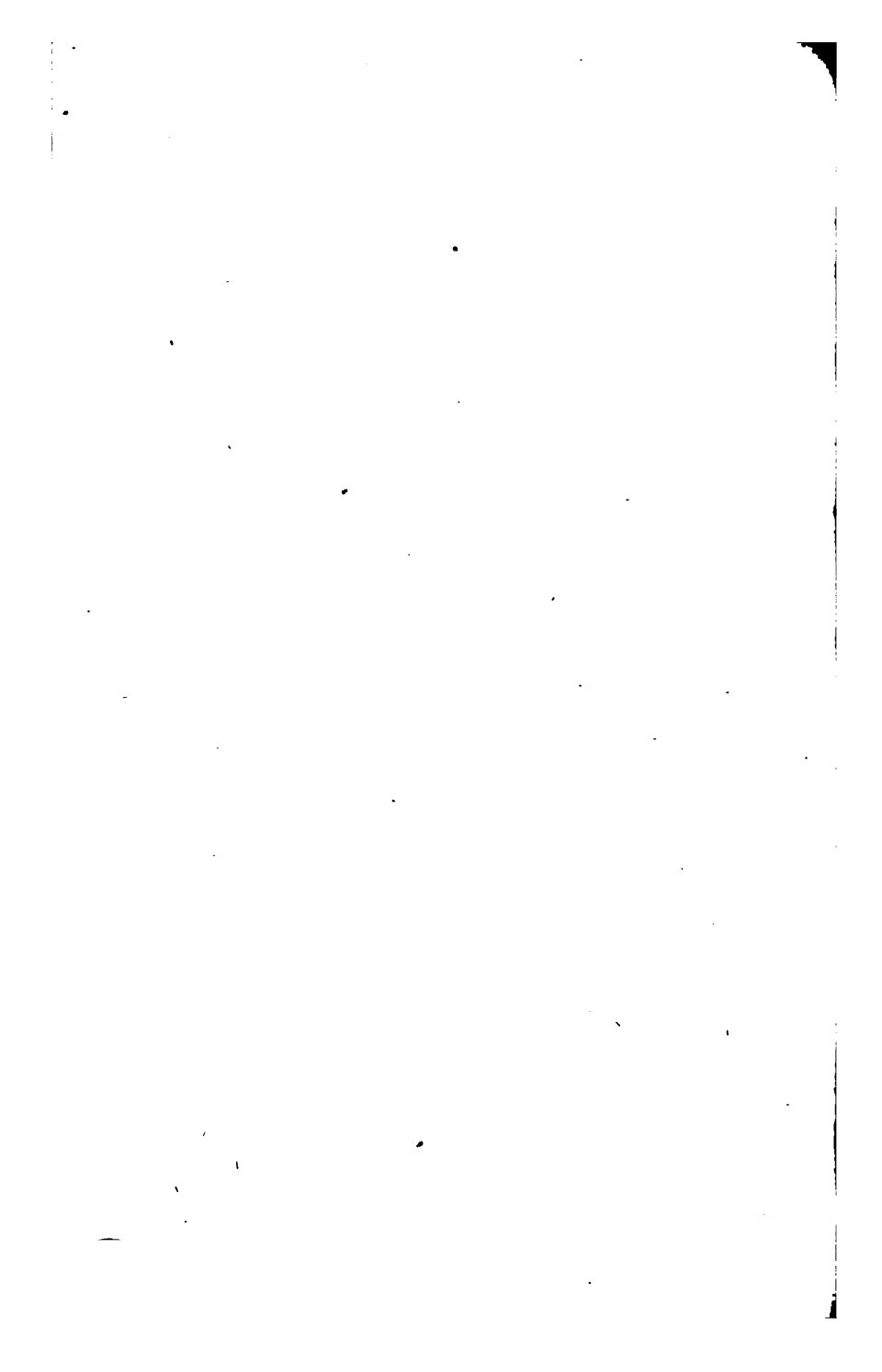
“ He drops upon his couch,” &c.,

should have followed the paragraph in the preceding page, ending with

And Folly bears the burden of her thoughts !”









the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 13.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 4.5 million to 6.5 million (Office for National Statistics 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of older people, and the need to ensure that the health care system is able to meet the needs of older people. The Department of Health (2000) has published a strategy for older people, which sets out the government's commitment to older people and the need to ensure that the health care system is able to meet the needs of older people.

The strategy for older people (Department of Health 2000) sets out the government's commitment to older people and the need to ensure that the health care system is able to meet the needs of older people. The strategy is based on the following principles:

- Older people should be able to live independently and actively in their own homes.
- Older people should be able to access the services they need to live independently and actively in their own homes.
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